Next Month

and later

THE "FINISHING" SCHOOL AND THE SPINNING WHEEL

Marian Castle

What connection have they? Well, one is about as dead and useless as the other. Most finishing schools are fairly funny, but, since the young ladies who attend them generally are the inheritors of considerable wealth and power, they are not entirely a laughing matter. Miss Castle believes that, if the girls who are bundled off to dear old Blueberry Hall aren't given better training, they may live to regret it.

WEEK-END PIONEERS

Ralph Haley

The back-to-the-land urge is a common fever in our urban areas, and many city dwellers who are unwilling to go the whole hog and move permanently to the country think that paradise is a vine-covered cottage or farmhouse to which they may flee when the city is too hot or too hectic. Mr. Haley is one of these — with reservations. Even in paradise somebody has to wash the dishes, and the plumbing in Eden is curiously out of date.

YOU BET YOUR LIFE!

V. A. Leslie & T. J. Quinn

When you step in your car and roll smoothly onto the highway, you are probably secure in the knowledge that, should you injure another or damage his property, the liability insurance you have paid for will protect you. But what if a maniac in another car, through no fault of yours, hits you? As you drive down the road, that this fellow coming toward you is insured you are betting your life! Mr. Leslie and Mr. Quinn present the case for compulsory insurance of automobiles.

THE CHILDREN OF A BEHAVIORIST

Ambrose X. Johnston

When Mr. Johnston finished his courses in psychology, he was a fervent disciple of Watson and behaviorism, and heredity to him was a pretty legend. But, when he acquired a family and began, in a quiet way, to raise his children as the behaviorists had taught him, he discovered that the system was out of whack somewhere. Now he is inclined to think that Oliver Wendell Holmes was right when he observed: "Heredity is an omnibus in which our ancestors ride; and every now and then one of them puts his head out and embarrasses us."

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and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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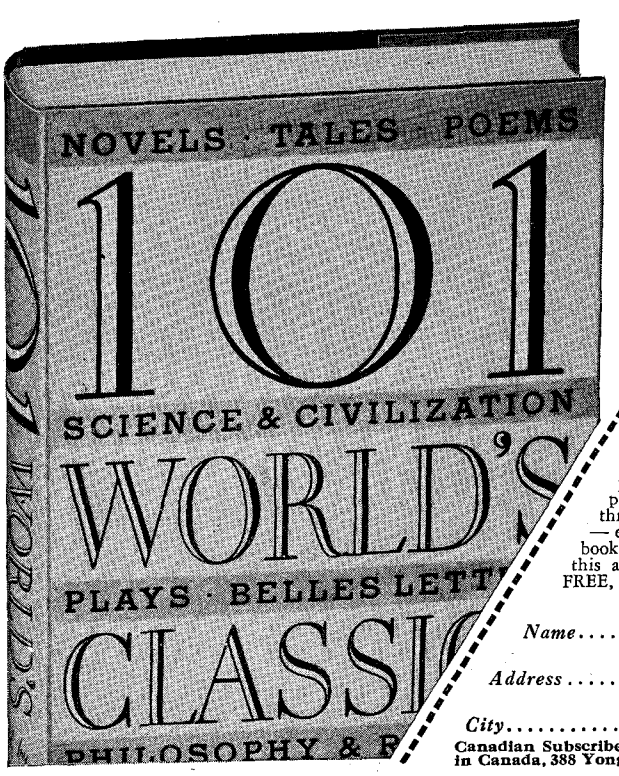

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HEINRICH HEINE, PARADOX AND POET — Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols., $7.50).

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Now is the season when acres of books begin to ripen for the Christmas market. A crop survey approaches governmental proportions, but we have picked and assembled this, our own give-and-keep list. Before you do any checking for yourself, make note of *From These Roots*, by Mary M. Colum (Scribner, $2.50). Gilbert Seldes will review it at length in next month's FORUM, and meantime you may be sure it will delight and reward you. As you must long ago have observed, Mrs. Colum's trenchant articles could only have behind them a strong, disciplined body of thought and opinion. In discussing "the ideas that have made modern literature," she now gives her own confession of faith.

BIOGRAPHY

HOT-HEADED swordsman, spy for the queen, playwright and poet "of the mighty line" — such was the scapegrace genius whose life John Bakeless writes in his *Christopher Marlowe*. With a wholesome hoot at those who mourn the lack of information about lives of Elizabethan poets, Mr. Bakeless set out to discover all there is to know about Marlowe. By shrewd detective work among ancient records, he unearthed much new material and with a kind of joyous scholarship he has reconstructed the life and times of "kind Kit Marlowe," trail blazer for Shakespeare. All the melodrama which, as J. Middleton Murry says, Shakespeare humanized in his plays, Marlowe actually lived out: duels, intrigues, violent passions — and early death. With full emphasis on the movement and color of such a man, Mr. Bakeless has written an authoritative yet sprightly book.

WISE in the arts and crafts of governing an empire, the English have always set great store by the history and culture of Rome. And so it is natural that *Augustus*, a new biography of the great empire builder, should be written by John Buchan, Governor-General of Canada, himself one of Britain's sturdiest statesmen. Perhaps because he is also a skilled novelist, Mr. Buchan recreates the vast Roman world as one in which we feel rather uncannily at home. Practical men, these Romans, delighting in the works of applied science, capable administrators, and, above everything, businesslike. Most capable of them all was Augustus. A frail but determined man, before he was twenty he took over from Julius Caesar and began to weld together the shaky empire. Here is a book you can give to your arch-Republican uncle or to your radical nephew, confident of their interest if not their approval.

READ lightly over the early pages of Younghill Kang's autobiography, *East Goes West*, and then when you have finished the book come back to them. They seem misty and a little puzzling, but you will understand why when you see the whole life of this engaging young Korean who came to New York at the age of eighteen to make himself into an "Oriental Yankee." There is much wisdom in his

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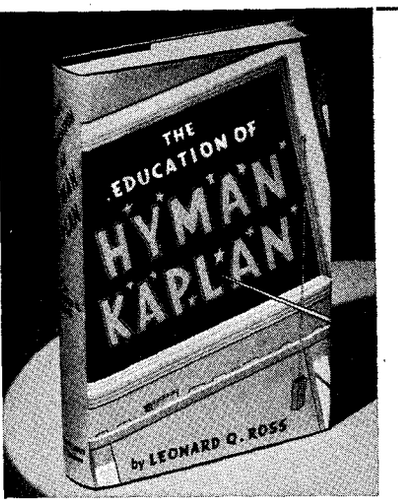
story, much poetry, and the fine-cut humor of folk tale and fable.

PEOPLE who listen to music, Sigmund Spaeth has discovered, are like the Elephant's Child — they are filled with an insatiable curiosity. They want to know every scrap of legend and history about the slightest tune and the man who composed it. *Stories Behind the World's Great Music* is Mr. Spaeth's answer to endless queries: facts, anecdotes, thumb-nail biographies, all written with the verve of an author who glories in his task. From Pythagoras, through Papa Haydn, to *Home Sweet Home* and George Gershwin, he gives the final touch of humanity to the realm of music. And, although musicians are not famous for their morals, Mr. Spaeth has, with not too obvious tact, fashioned a book that can safely be passed on to the very young.

THE portrait of a man minutely drawn emerges from one volume of Louis Untermeyer's impressive two-volume work, *Heinrich Heine, Paradox and Poet.* The poetry of a genius flows on in the moving and immaculate translations of the other. Careful psychological analysis shows Heine as one who, although he loved the world, was rejected by it on two counts — race and disease. On neither of these matters is Mr. Untermeyer reticent, but contention does not take the center of the stage. A great deal of new-found and even recent detail goes to complete the tragic, absorbing story of the poet and to bring him closer than ever to our own time. Apparently, says Mr. Untermeyer, it is one thing to burn books and quite another to burn songs. Although Heine's books are *verboten* in Germany, there is not a school child but sings the "Lorelei," and youth still chants "*Du bist wie eine Blume.*" The only difference is that songs once signed *Heinrich Heine* are now labeled *Author Unknown.*

THERE will be more next month about *Everybody's Autobiography*, by Gertrude Stein, which isn't published yet. Without giving away any secrets, we can tell you that it is a lively continuation of the author's backhanded memoirs, that it seems every bit as disconcerting as *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, and that it starts off (nearly) with the time when Gertrude Stein met Dashiell Hammett in Hollywood!

WE should have sworn that nothing could induce us to look at another book about the Browning legend, but we've read *Robert Browning and Julia Wedgewood* and liked it. Edited by Richard Curle, this is a collection of letters that has turned up in the last two years. A short time after his Elizabeth's death, the poet met Julia Wedgewood. Some-



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thing about her touched and stimulated him. She, of course, was in the difficult position of having to keep a balance between delight at a great man's affection and fear of her own inadequacy. The story of their relationship, muted as it was by Victorian custom, sounds these days rather more like a woman's magazine serial than great romantic tragedy. Their letters are, nonetheless, excellent reading and a real literary find.

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

THIS has been a vintage year of books that make science exciting for the man in the street. Most winning of them all is *Animal Treasure*, by Ivan T. Sanderson, a young naturalist who collects jungle creatures and writes like an angel. As head of an African expedition in search of rare museum specimens, Mr. Sanderson fell into adventures as strange as they were amusing and instructive. He discovered hairy frogs and frogs equipped with a sort of colored boots. He learned a code of jungle etiquette that made him tolerated, if not welcomed, among the shy little animals of the tropical land. And he brings them all back startlingly alive in the pages of his unusual book.

FOR those whose interest in music goes beyond the mere joy of listening and the knowledge of its history, Sir James Jeans has written *Science and Music*. Delving into the principles of sound, hearing, acoustics, he gives a lucid explanation of the physics of music. While he has not intended his book for the novice, he includes in it much material of a simpler sort that is understandable and vastly interesting.

THE phrase *socialized medicine* has been much bandied about: doctors wrangle on the topic, and laymen divide. But temperate reports on how it works in the country which actually practices it are few. To fill the gap, Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, of Johns Hopkins, has written *Socialized Medicine in the Soviet Union*, a book which is at once thorough and engrossing, a story of almost fabulous advance in the healing science. Although he is competent in the field of technical fact, Dr. Sigerist has not relied on physicians' jargon to make his quasi Utopia credible but has endeavored to place each medical advance in its social context. Much of the data in the book was gathered in Russia. Dr. Sigerist, who has written respectfully of American medicine, went there, saw, and was conquered.

THE pleasures and importance of being normal is the theme of *Emotional Hygiene*, by Camilla M. Anderson. Here is practical advice on how adults should rear children and also on how they can

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STATEMENT

of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of THE FORUM and Century *published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1937*

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward F. Healey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE FORUM *and Century* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher*, FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Editor*, HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor*, PHYLLIS MOIR, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Business Manager*, EDWARD F. HEALEY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; GEORGE HENRY PAYNE, Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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EDWARD F. HEALEY
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of September, 1937.
[SEAL] JOHN A. MULLER
(My commission expires March 30, 1938.)

The Book Forum

continue their own process of growing up. You won't be so sure, after reading Dr. Anderson's book, that you haven't a good deal left to learn.

ROMANTIC novelists to the contrary, the Old South was not always a land of mint juleps and Massas in or out of the cold ground. Before the economy of slavery prevailed, it was rather like a pioneer Western state. Farmers who worked hard and stood up for their rights were seventeenth-century Dixie's body politic — its muscles, at least. And, if the social organism had a recognizable skeleton, Ambassador William E. Dodd has not allowed it to remain in the closet in his *Old South: Struggles for Democracy*. From title down to sentence and phrase, this book is animated by qualities consonant with the New Deal. But, though learned, it is far from "brain-trustish." In it new data and old appear at ease in each other's presence — both habited in clean, comfortable English prose.

THE new South, equally remote from romantic fiction, appears in *You Have Seen Their Faces*, a collection of Margaret Bourke-White's superb photographs, underlined and amplified with comments by Erskine Caldwell. Traveling about among share croppers and tenant farmers, white and black, these two have gathered up a pictorial history that is ominous in its import and strikingly beautiful in its presentation. For camera enthusiasts there is a final section containing valuable information on Miss Bourke-White's photographic theory and practice.

I CALL no man wise until he has . . . become a laughing philosopher," writes Lin Yutang in *The Importance of Living*, thereby establishing himself as a most genial sage. The book is a sort of endless chain of informal essays on everything under the civilized sun, from sex appeal to a sense of humor; and not one of its 400 pages goes by without some anecdote or aphorism that strikes home. Combining 3,000 years of his native China's philosophy with a sharp knowledge of the Western world, Dr. Lin points out a way of life that is mellow and at the same time refreshing.

IT is news these days when a literature professor writes with sympathy and respect about contemporary novels. Such, however, is the lively distinction which marks Herbert J. Muller's *Modern Fiction*. Not shying away from the task of considering all important types of modern story-telling, Dr. Muller reveals his attitude in his opening sentence: "The stream of prose fiction is today almost as broad as the stream of life itself; and sometimes it is even muddier." But looking at the

W. G. Langworthy Taylor's

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Did you read Dr. J. B. Rhine's astounding book on the Duke University experiments in mental telepathy, *Extra-Sensory Perception?* And the equally provocative *Beyond Normal Cognition*, in which Dr. John F. Thomas analyzes scientifically tested records of supernormal information even across thousands of miles of ocean?

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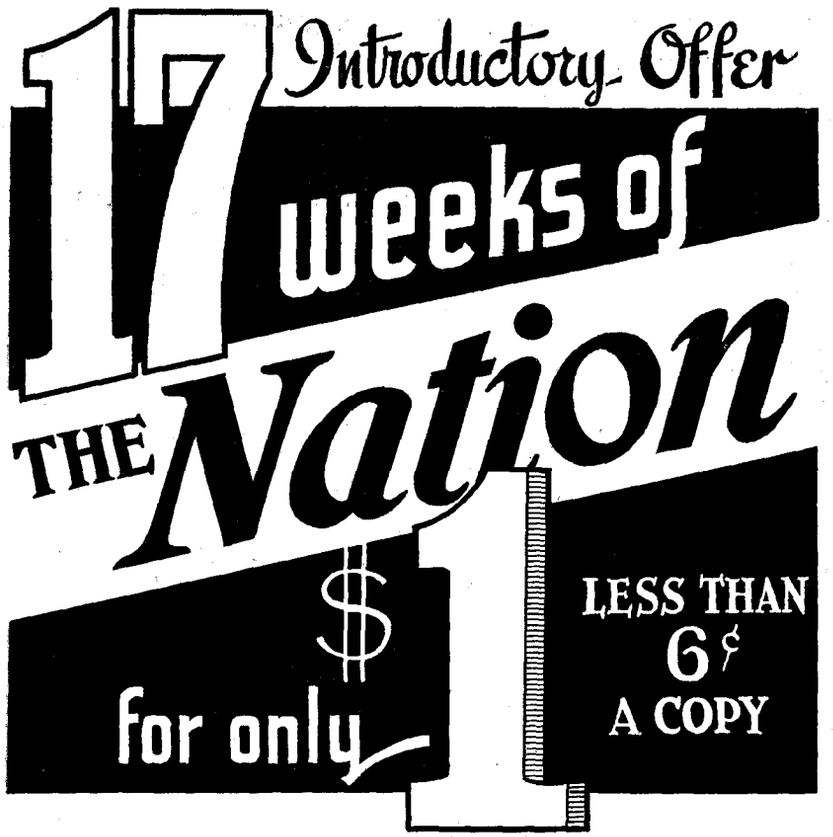

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The Book Forum

whole, and explaining instead of condemning the mud in it, this volume makes an interesting contribution to that body of reflection which can be roughly classified as today's opinion of itself. The book mirrors the decays and divergencies in our age of flux. A fixed and dogmatic point of view the author has not, but a faith in the procreative capacity of life he has. Hence he can look with a certain equanimity on the future of the novel.

FICTION

IN proof of Mr. Muller's faith that our novelists have not ended up in a valley of dry bones is *The Long Way Home*, by Sylvia Chatfield Bates. Beginning in Puritan New England, it marches with the distaff side of an American family down to the present, and each generation adds something of strength or promise to the one before. Through the lives and loves of its womenfolk, we feel the whole growth and ripening of a people. This is a big, honest, backlog kind of book.

THE magnificence of our struggle in the dusk against the forces of disintegration" is the theme of Sylvia Stevenson's *The Flowering Aloe*. The story concerns the Chantry family, charming and civilized and sensitive people who manage to keep their balance in this changing world. Because she grew up among the solid certainties of Victorian England, Selina Chantry feels more keenly than do her children the loneliness of human beings who can find no friendly faith to lean on. The boys go their own materialistic young ways, a little puzzled at Selina but tolerant. Even less comforting is the detachment of her daughter, who thinks she can solve everything by social-service work and then finds her fine theories turned topsy-turvy by falling in love. Aching to participate in the turbulent affairs of her youngsters, yet wisely leaving them to solve their own problems, Selina finds at last a firm basis for hope. Its symbol is the aloe tree which clings tenaciously to life, though it blooms only once every hundred years.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S new novel, which has been seven years a-growing is promised for next month. It is called *The Trojan Horse*, and it looks as if a good deal more than just a squad of armed Greeks could be found inside it.

FOR homely, cheerful good fun, you couldn't do better than *To See Ourselves*, by Rachel Field and Arthur Pederson. Out in Morgan, Idaho, the Bosworths, not long married, fancy themselves as modern pioneers and decide to conquer the Hollywood frontier. He wants to write for the pictures, and she isn't bad at tap dancing. What happens to them before they go romping home again is funny and rather

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The Book Forum

touching and much more credible than the usual stories about the movie country, which sound so much like bad dreams.

"Doing a mail-order business" is a phrase that has drifted a long way from its mooring in the commercial world, but a novel comes along this month to return it to its place of origin. Albert Halper, in *The Chute*, tells the story of the life and death of a mail-order house. More accurately, it is the life of those who work in the house. All the vitality of the streets of Chicago enters these pages by way of the boys and girls who, during rush hours, race to pour orders down the package chute and at lunch time make love behind heaped-up merchandise. Alike in that they all long for a little security and peace away from the killing tempo of their work, these obscure but animated heroes are individualized characters. Even more skillfully than in *The Foundry*, Mr. Halper wins your sympathy for the humble dramatis personae of industrial life; and, because of his great capacity to entertain, he is certain to get attention for his ebullient strictures on the *status quo*.

A CHRISTMAS REMINDER LIST

The Advancing Front of Science — George W. Gray (Whittlesey, $3.00). A readable and stimulating introduction to the work scientists are doing.

Apes, Men and Morons — Earnest A. Hooton (Putnam, $3.00). Provocative, witty, sardonic comments on man as an animal.

400 Million Customers — Carl Crow (Harper, $3.00). The adventures of an American advertising man in China.

The Arts — Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). A genial tour through mankind's artistic creation.

Do You Want to Write? — Margaret Widdemer (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00). A helpful, practical handbook on short-story writing.

And So Victoria — Vaughan Wilkins (Macmillan, $2.50). A swashbuckling tale of England in the days of Victoria's naughty uncles.

Europa in Limbo — Robert Briffault (Scribner, $2.75). The sequel to *Europa*.

The Citadel — A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown, $2.50). The story of a country doctor, and an exposé of certain amazing angles of the medical profession.

O. Henry Memorial Award Stories of 1937 — edited by Harry Hansen (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). An annual anthology in its eighteenth year presents a lot of excellent new writers.

Northwest Passage — Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). The very best of historical novels about America in pre-Revolutionary days.

M. L. ELTING

Are We a Nation of Contented Cows?

WHAT will the American public *swallow?* How much printed propaganda, deception, evasion, journalistic exaggeration will it placidly *chew* — and unblinkingly *accept* as the TRUTH? When will it reject prejudiced news-fodder — and rear up with a snort, demanding to know the REAL *sub-soil* out of which grows much of what it reads? Who is rolling logs for whom? Whose prop is beneath this-or-that propaganda? What party, public official, business or labor group, literary clique, advertiser, or religious sect is behind such-and-such insipid "pap"?

Are You a Contented Cow?

A few weeks ago at Columbia University was founded an Institute to *analyze* propaganda — because (as stated) "the country is beset by a confusion of conflicting propaganda, a babel of voices, warnings, charges, countercharges, assertions and contradictions, assailing us continuously through press, radio and newsreel."

The American Mercury cuts through this "babel of voices" with clear, caustic truth-telling. Its readers refuse to graze with the contented cows. They know that systematic deception has risen to the status of an art. They have seen the paid wizard of the weasel word climb to the lofty pinnacle of an oracle. They've "*grown up.*" And they know that BEHIND what appears to be "the last word" (in news stories, editorials, categorical opinions, ponderous conclusions) may be half-facts, twisted inferences, over-zealous partisanship, axe-grinding, or deliberate deceit!

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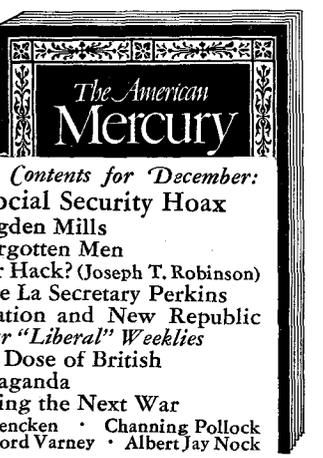
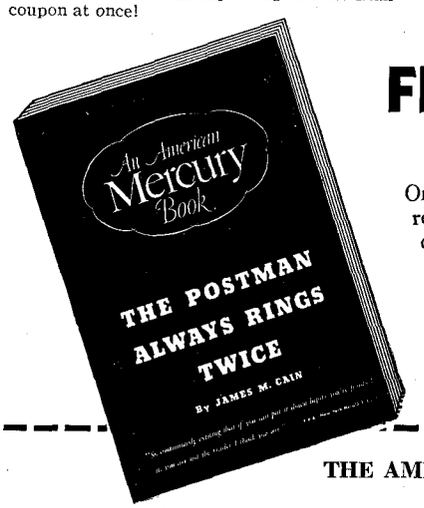


Partial Contents for December:

The Social Security Hoax
by Ogden Mills
Ten Forgotten Men
Hero or Hack? (Joseph T. Robinson)
Madame La Secretary Perkins
The Nation and New Republic
— *Our "Liberal" Weeklies*
A New Dose of British Propaganda
On Facing the Next War
H. L. Mencken · Channing Pollock
Harold Lord Varney · Albert Jay Nock



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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

OUR MATRIMONIAL MART

To the Editor:

One of our newspapers informed us, that an inquiry had brought the success, the American ladies would like to take European men for husbands ["Why American Women Marry Foreigners," by Marjorie Dobbins Kern, in the January FORUM].

If they are in want of husbands, here one man is not disinclined from marrying an American Lady. Perhaps one of them thinks the same, seeing me.

Please give me a chance and send my positive to an exclusive Ladies-Club, and you will see, if the success of your inquiry is right.

I am 1.70 m. and 27 years.

Please have my best thanks bevorehand.

WERNER BECKER

Berlin, Germany

DEPT. OF BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

To the Editor:

It may be carrying owls to Athens, to sing the praise of Emil Ludwig, the famous biographer and aristocrat of German culture, but the picture which he drew in the October FORUM of "The Two Dictators" is so brilliant, that something needs to be said about it. I was so much enthused about it, that I made an extract of it for use in my history lessons at a well known high school. In doing so, I have tried, to use Ludwig's own words, in order to keep intact his classical style and

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Our Rostrum

likewise his most enlightened views and visions.

MUSSOLINI

Soon after the war an Italian jailbird and bricklayer with a picturesque face founded a new political party with the aim, to launch himself into power. In order, to rouse the masses, he revived the ancient Roman salute and copied Garibaldi's shirt in black. In 1922, when the macaroni prices were sharply rising, he cleverly exaggerated the Communistic peril, marched on Rome and compelled the king, to make him head of the government. Thus he rose to power and is now trying to improve his education, by cross-examining his visitors or operating a tractor in public. But at night he sleeps like any ordinary person and goes to work at 9 A.M. Though he admires Prussian drill and trains his men soon after birth to a rugged militarism, his program (see: Ethiopia, Spain etc.) does not mean war, but rather a novel kind of tourist trade. The young Italians, who go to Spain for example want just bread and money — nothing else!! While it is true, that Italy is governed by the single will of one man, the story about Mussolini's Caesar-complex is a fable.

HITLER

Soon after the march to Rome an Austrian, utterly lacking in talent, energy and ideas imported the bricklayer-salute from Rome, the swastika from India and (with the help of the dictionary) translated "Duce" into "Führer." On this international basis he founded a new nationalistic party. During the beer-garden revolution he smartly withdrew from the stage, leaving his friends dying in the street. He then went to jail and wrote a book, of which he was able to sell a couple of million copies, because its style was flat journalese and without a single original phrase. After these simple preparations he induced the communists to set fire to the Reichstag. By incessantly talking in a whine and swathing the room with a cloud of mist he so electrified the German youth, that by simply demanding now instead of negotiating he made himself master over 66 million Germans. Since then he leaves all work to his subordinates, while he serves wine to his guests and drinks water. He prefers the company of screen stars and desperately desires to look elegant (having had no other success in life as Prof. Freud would put it!) but his necktie never seems to fit him. His favorite pastime is: rolling eyes, pounding windowpanes and dreaming of world power. However to every intelligent student of history it is obvious, that he will end in failure like Napoleon III.

It is quite extraordinary indeed, how Ludwig boils down the very complex subjects of history to essentials such as: colored shirts, neckties, screen stars, windowpanes and macaroni prices. I was much pleased to learn, that these so-called world dictators and national heroes are plain and common people as we are. In fact they stand below us, because they lack a college education. May I finally say, that my sleep was restored, when I read that Mussolini would under no circumstances start a war in Europe and that the Germans do not want either colonies, raw material, Strassburg or the Ukraine.

HENRY D. UMBELL
Teacher of History
Philadelphia, Pa.

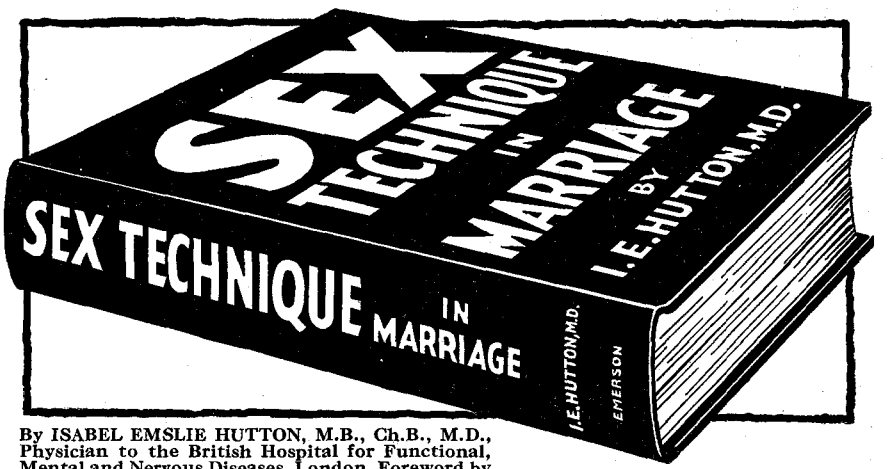
MARY COLUM'S RETURN

To the Editor:

It was a joy to read Mary Colum once again in the November issue of FORUM. She is one of the sanest and most intelligent women of our day. Give a little fellow enough ink and he'll make himself littler in writing about a big fellow — but to give the Goncourts credit, they have one deathless picture of Renan who was so polite he always waited for the next bus.

Channing Pollock is still carrying the message to Garcia.

JIM TULLY
Tall Timber
North Hollywood, Calif.



By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D., Physician to the British Hospital for Functional, Mental and Nervous Diseases, London. Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D., Former Commissioner of Education, New York City.

Illustrated with Explanatory Diagrams

SUBJECTS INCLUDED

PRE-MARITAL PREPARATION — Necessary Sex Knowledge — Sex Freedom Before Marriage for the Man; for the Woman — Sex Instinct in Men and Women Contrasted — Implications of Courtship — Hereditary Factors — The Age Factor — Indications of Sexual Incompatibility — The Neurotic Temperament in Marriage.

FIRST SEX ACT — Analysis of Sexual Intercourse — Preliminary Love-Play — Overcoming Mental Obstacles — Pain — Early Intercourse — The Fatigue Factor — The Husband's Part — The Wife's Part — Methods of Sexual Stimulation — The Active vs. the Passive Wife — Nervous Shock of First Intercourse — Temporary Impotence — Simultaneous Climax; How Produced.

THE SEX ORGANS — Knowledge of Male and Female Organs Essential to Both Husband and Wife — "Fitting" — Anatomy of Sex Organs — Hygiene of Sex Organs — How Fertilization Takes Place — Woman's Hygiene.

SEX LIFE IN MARRIAGE — The Arts of Love — Timing — Impotence During Marriage — Sexual Cooperation — Influence of Age, Sexual Instinct and Health — Sexual Adjustment — Sex Errors — Sexual Rhythm — Frequency of Intercourse; Positions in Intercourse — When Variations Are Indicated — Sexual Starvation — The Unsatisfied Wife — Prelude to Sex; Love-Play — Sex Life During Pregnancy; after Childbirth.

MENSTRUATION AND THE CHANGE OF LIFE — The Hygiene of Menstruation — Sexual Activity During and After the Change of Life — The Menstrual Cycle and Conception — Normal and Abnormal Symptoms.

CURABLE CHILDLESSNESS — Simple Causes and Their Treatment — Conditions where Medical Treatment Is Required — Conditions where Surgical Treatment Is Indicated.

BIRTH CONTROL

THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE is a book for husbands and wives to read together, if they wish to remain together!

ILLUSTRATED

IT comes as a startling fact to many couples who THINK they are well-informed, that they ARE in REALITY, AMAZINGLY IGNORANT OF THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE. "When no trouble is taken to learn how to make sexual intercourse harmonious and happy, a variety of complications arise. Very often wives remain sexually unawakened, and therefore inclined to dislike sexual intercourse. When that happens, husbands do not experience what they long for, and are apt to be sexually starved. Neither husbands nor wives on these terms attain to harmony, and the result is nervous ill-health. . . . The cause of all this is not want of love. It is want of *Knowledge*." — A. H. Gray, M.A., D.D.

"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with excellent taste, and, as the American Medical Association says, "with good judgment as to what constitutes general medical opinion."

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Where Jews Succeed

A Reply to Mr. Feuerlicht

by **LOUIS I. NEWMAN**

"JEWS ARE just like other people," it has been said, "only more so." Similarly Ernest Bloch, the musician, once declared: "There are some Jews who try to become Gentiles with characteristic Jewish intensity." Hence it is not surprising that, when an individual Jew gives an exhibition of self-hate, he does so with quite extraordinary fervor. Maurice M. Feuerlicht in "Where the Jews Fail," in the September FORUM, might well apply to himself his own words:

> A person with an inferiority complex or a martyr complex harbors a desire to hit back blindly against fate and does not hesitate to do so.

It was of persons like Feuerlicht that Theodore Lessing wrote in his volume: *Jewish Self-Hate*, analyzing those Jews who take themselves and their people at the world's lowest estimate. And the envenomed critic of the alleged Jewish martyr complex might well remember that Lessing fell a victim to a Nazi assassin's bullet in Marienbad, where he had found asylum from Hitler's "cold pogrom." Much could be said regarding the motivation of the article, but it is sufficient to point out that this son of a reform rabbi in Israel, who speaks of "our perverted sense of values," also writes that "nobody can make an honest effort to probe the secret of Jewish differentiation, *lest his head figuratively roll in the sand*," the phrase in italics having been current among Hitler's followers before their ascent to power.

> In Sunday school and at home, while other little children learned fairy tales and played with tin soldiers, I learned of the bloody pogroms of Kishinev.

So says Feuerlicht, in one of a series of statements casting aspersions on his home environment as a child and a youth. These unworthy and distasteful reflections on a distinguished father — an honored member of the Central Conference of American Rabbis and author of an admirable study on *Judaism's Influence in the Founding of the American Republic* — qualify the son as Exhibit A in a gallery of Israel's enemies within. But Jewish parents for the most part succeed in awakening love and respect for Jewish values among their children and young people. The majority of the 16,000,000 Jews scattered throughout the nations must not be judged by the irreverence and impiety of a few. If one reads the phrase "the usual orthodox Jewish inflexibility," he must recall *A Plea for Orthodoxy*, by Waldemar M. Haffkins, the famous scientist. A writer's

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assertion that he has been reared in a "typical" Jewish environment cannot be accepted as valid if he goes on to assert that his kinsfolk are "abnormal in dealing with [their] neighbors."

The childhood of a Jewish boy or girl, living in a land of freedom, is not unlike the childhood of his playmates of other ethnic groups or faiths. Jewish youngsters even play with tin soldiers, though Jewish and non-Jewish pacifists together would be willing to allow others the enjoyment of those war games which produce eventually the sentiment that "the battlefield is to the man what motherhood is to the woman." Jewish children are not denied the world's fairy tales and, in addition, have as their own treasures the charmingly imaginative tales of Talmudic, Rabbinic, and Hasidic lore. He must have hate in his own heart who remembers only hatred in connection with the festival of Judas Maccabeus, the Hasmonean hero to whom George Washington and other champions of liberty were lovingly compared; the message of Hanukkah is found in the Prophetic words, "not by might and not by power, but by My Spirit saith the Lord." Moreover, the closing words of the stanza quoted to illustrate the obsession of the "children of the martyr race" belong not only to Israel but to all mankind:

Yours the message cheering
That the time is nearing
Which shall see
All men free
Tyrants disappearing.

The grown man who thinks of Passover merely in terms of "hardships" deliberately ignores the quaint Seder customs and the rugged ethical preachment of emancipation for the enslaved which is the quintessence of the Mosaic narrative. He who emphasizes hisses for Haman at Purim forgets the heroism of an Esther, saying: "If I perish, I perish"; he passes over the carnival spirit of this third celebration of freedom in the Jewish holiday system. We ask non-Jewish readers to know that joy and good cheer prevail in the religious training of Jewish children. At the Sanctification services on Sabbath eve in the home, when the candles are lighted, the fruit of the grape is blessed, the bread is broken, and songs are sung, the home becomes a sanctuary, the father a priest, the mother a priestess, and the children votaries at the household altar.

Anyone who has had a "realistically sordid childhood," emerging with a "first-class case of paranoia," has himself to blame, not the gracious discipline of the Jewish faith which we "teach diligently" from generation to generation.

The Judenschmerz

If Jews, young and old, have a sense of *Judenschmerz*, namely, the pain of being a Jew, it is not a defect but a virtue, not a liability but an asset to character. Homo homini lupus — Jews know the meaning of this ancient phrase, and it is their awareness of persecution in the world, of man's inhumanity to man, that has given them a reputation as philanthropists, liberals, reformers and visionaries, driven by a *Weltverbesserungswahn*, "the madness to improve the world." Akin to the *Judenschmerz* is the *Weltschmerz*, and it is no accident that the author of *The World's Illusion*, describing the transformation of Christian Wahnschaffe from a merciless Olympian into a comrade of the lowly, was Jacob Wasserman. If the Jewish nature possesses overtones and undertones, it is not only because we are an old, proud, and aristocratic family but because our Deutero-Isaiah has written of Israel as "the Suffering Servant of the Lord," "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Heinrich Heine, after writing that "Judaism is not a religion, but a misfortune," repented himself in these words:

> The Jews have always been men — powerful, indomitable men — who have fought and suffered on every battlefield of human thought.

Leon Blum, the first Jew to rise to the premiership in a Western land without abandoning his family faith, speaks of the Jewish contribution as "the ideal reconstruction of society." Martyrdom for the Jew has been Kiddush ha-Shem, a sanctification of the Name of God, and it is our very acquaintance from childhood through youth to old age with Kishinev, the Spanish Inquisition, the Dreyfus case (without the omissions in *The Career of Émile Zola*) which has made us sensitive to the burdens of the underprivileged. We have exalted not men of blood and iron but men of compassion, such as Moses Montefiore, Julius Rosenwald, and Felix M. Warburg; Manasseh ben Israel, Moses Mendelssohn, and Theodore Herzl. "It is better to be among the persecuted

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than among the persecutors." We may fail to protect ourselves from the baseless accusation of being Messiah slayers, but we are comforted by the knowledge that we succeed in being Messiah bringers. A young mother whose infant son had just been named remarked: "And now he is initiated into the Jewish faith — more's the pity for him!" But a faithful Jew present at the ceremony replied: "Do not forget that every Jewish mother believes that her son may be the Messiah!"

The Undying Heritage

Some Jews may be "more conscious" of their "maltreatment" than they are of their religion itself, but the true representation of Judaism is to be found not in the writing of spiteful amateurs but in the literary monuments of those scholars and teachers who have set the tone of Jewish life yesterday and today. The names of Schechter, Ahad ha-Am, Zangwill, Bialik, Morris Joseph, Shalom Spiegel, Mordecai Kaplan, and others may be relatively unknown to the general public and multitudes of Jews, but they are the authoritative spokesmen on behalf of classic Jewish values. We succeed, on the whole, in developing among self-respecting Jews a knowledge and appreciation of the great inheritance, which Bevan and Singer in the Oxford University Series have entitled *The Legacy of Israel.* Charles William Eliot in his essay on *The Potency of the Jewish Race* pays a tribute to the Hebraic ideal of One God, the Jewish ideal of the family, "pure, honorable, and sacred," and the "ethical teaching contained in the Ten Commandments, the most compact and yet the most comprehensive code of morals ever written." Ours is no "abnormal heritage" but a culture, a civilization, which has made its beneficent imprint on all the nations of the earth. It was Walter Rathenau whom Albert Einstein quoted in these words: "When a Jew says he loves the hunt, he lies." It was Mathilde Rathenau, his mother, who wrote to the mother of one of the Hakenkreuzlers who slew him in cold blood:

> In grief unspeakable, I give you my hand, you of all women, the most pitiable. Say to your son that in the name and spirit of him he has murdered, I forgive, even as God may forgive, if before an earthly judge he make a full and frank confession of his guilt and before a heavenly one repent. Had he known my son, the noblest man earth bore, he had rather turned the weapon on himself than on him. May these words give peace to your soul.

Here is an authentic expression of the Jewish *Anschauung* in our own time. Shall anyone dare to stigmatize it as a "twisted conception"? Is this not human character at its highest and best?

Meeting Prejudice with Dignity

It is said that Jews "have a chip on their shoulder" and make "prejudice an alibi" for their own shortcomings. I commend the words of the illustrious scientist who said to me: "I don't mind anti-Semitism on this campus; it enables me to do my work without interruption from well-meaning society folk."

Most Jews have a sense of humor regarding social anti-Semitism, though they are in dire earnest in their efforts to combat political, economic, and educational discrimination. We know that friction between Jews and non-Jews is part of the social experience of all high-spirited groups and appears in every decade; George Bernard Shaw has one of the characters in *Caesar and Cleopatra* say that Caesar is in the city "settling the Jewish problem." To be sure, Jews have a hair-trigger sensitivity to social anti-Semitism, and many a well-adjusted Jew has been outraged when, despite every previous precaution and inquiry, he finds himself at a summer hotel where the stationery

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reads: *Gentile Clientele.* If we react sharply, it is because no upstanding, genteel person enjoys an unreasonable and senseless exclusion utterly unrelated to his merit as an individual. We know that, though all Jews might be Chesterfields in manner and Beau Brummels in dress, barriers would arise in clubs, fraternities, summer hotels, and elsewhere when like-minded social groups foregather in hours of relaxation. But we have found a way to escape the irritations and pinpricks of social discrimination, without surrendering free movement within the cultural and social scene.

When anti-Semitism, however, touches the fields of government, education, and employment, Jews refuse to be "too proud to fight." The assertion that perhaps the failure of a Jew to get a job is due to "dirty fingernails rather than a Semitic nose" is a churlish over-simplification of a complex problem. Granted that some Jews may lack the refinements which would commend them to employers of their own faith, the fact remains that many companies and firms have an inflexible policy against giving work to any known Jew. The columns of the daily and Sunday newspapers, with their requests for *Christians Only* — the source of the title for Heywood Broun's book — show exactly the obstacles which Jews with nicely manicured fingernails and Greek noses must face — Jews who might even pose as models for Arrow collar advertisements — if they confess on the questionnaire the truth regarding their "race," "religion," or "nationality." *Fortune* recently gave excellent information not only regarding exaggerated notions of "Jewish influence" in this country but also concerning fields of industry and commerce where Jewish employers are conspicuously few or entirely absent. The studies of J. X. Cohen for the American Jewish Congress throw further light on the employment disabilities of Jews — not in Poland, Roumania, and Germany, where the situation is too well known to need comment here — but in these United States.

The Jew in the Universities

Apparently Feuerlicht has never recovered from the flattering of his ego by the favorable attentions of gentile instructors in school and college. In especially choice language he writes of certain Yale boys of the Jewish faith as "a lot of dirty, greasy, uncouth, unmannered, lazy, spoiled youngsters," whose "minor successes were due to blackmail." The impression on the reader is that of a generalization, applicable to a large group. It ill behooves any Jew who may have gained moderate success in school or college to elevate himself on a pedestal of his own creation and to preen himself in the belief: "I'm not like other Jews; I'm different."

I have spoken before the Kohut Forum at Yale and I know Yale students of the Jewish faith to be young men of sterling qualities, gentlemen to the core, in whom their university takes justifiable pride. Their achievements are based on hard work and merit, and they have neither the excuse, the will, nor the power to resort to "blackmail" — an atrocious, reckless, unfounded, and unforgivable accusation. Throughout the universities of America, students of the Jewish faith are winning laurels in scholarship, athletics, and extracurricular activities. They have created the Menorah movement for the study of Jewish culture and the advancement of Jewish ideals; they have established the Hillel Foundations as centers of Jewish religious life on or near the campus; they have organized fraternities and sororities as peers of similar non-Jewish societies. But any problems concerning Jewish universities must be met not with spleen and shamelessness but with statesmanship and good will.

Good Jews and Good Neighbors

It is asserted that Jews "cannot be at once good Jews as well as good neighbors." In reply, Albert Einstein's remark deserves mention: "Anti-Semitism would not be so difficult to bear if we did not have so many Christian friends" — a paradox entirely illustrative of the contradictory aspects of gentile-Jewish relationships. "Was sich Liebt, neckt sich" — "those who love, torment each other." Once a little girl wept bitterly because a playmate was leaving for another city. "But you've quarreled with him for months!" said her parents. "I know it," answered the maiden amid her tears. "I don't like him but I need him." Despite continuous friction, Jews and Gentiles "need" each other. They have been neighbors from the moment Abraham's forefathers trekked from the Arabian steppes unto our day when "Aryans" persist in sitting on the yellow

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benches in Berlin decreed by Nazi fiat for Jews. "The righteous of all nations," say the rabbis of the Talmud "have a share in the World-to-Come." We have no official or unofficial "index expurgatorius" or "repressive attitude"; our latitudinarian views on intellectual and civil liberties are proverbial; but we consider it unwise for adolescents to be subjected to a minute study of *The Merchant of Venice*, with its false depiction of a Jew, written by Shakespeare in an atmosphere charged with feeling against the Marrano Jewish physician of Queen Elizabeth. Why should sensibilities be wounded, and feelings exacerbated without cause?

As for intermarriage, the strictures of the Book of Ezra are intentionally counteracted by the Book of Ruth, written in the days of the Second Hebrew Commonwealth to prove that even the ancestress of King David was of non-Jewish origin. If most gentiles and Jews prefer that their children marry within the group, they are no different from the Pilgrims who left Holland lest their tiny sect be absorbed in the non-English majority. Affiliation with the Jewish faith and community is entirely voluntary, and many happy families, whose children are to be found in Jewish religious schools, have made a choice of Judaism at the commencement of the marriage — if not for theological reasons, then in order to give themselves and their offspring social and spiritual moorings. It is entirely possible for the ethnic or family groups in this country to retain their identity and, at the same time, to respect and co-operate with each other. Zangwill's symbol of the "melting pot" has been succeeded by an interpretation of America in terms of cultural democracy. The Jewish people today is strong enough to accept the departure of some young people through extermarriage and to receive within its fold those others who desire to join our ranks.

We are succeeding in the development of a more relaxed and good-natured reciprocity between some gentiles and Jews, though it would be folly to ignore the grim, fateful factors in the situation abroad. Israel Zangwill, Montague Glass, Arthur Kober, Leonard Q. Ross, and Milt Gross have introduced a saving note of compassionate humor for the delight of Jews and non-Jews alike. A father and his little daughter who had been listening to the broadcast of a football game passed a church on their way home. In response to many questions, the father said: "We are Jews and go to synagogue, not to church." Long explanations were demanded, on which the tiny girl pondered, until finally she exclaimed: "Daddy, what side did you say we were on?"

If touchdowns or home runs were the only issues at stake, Jews and Christians could abandon the tense, self-conscious mood that sometimes enters into their associations, and Dr. Everett Clinchy might disband the National Conference of Jews and Christians. The true inwardness of the situation may be found in the story that once a young German *émigré* asked Rabbi Judah Leon Magnes, Chancellor of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, Jerusalem, "Why are we persecuted?" Rabbi Magnes replied: "In every generation and in every millennium, you and I have sat down to seek an answer to this question. In every generation, it has been you and I."

It is possible to keep gentile-Jewish relationships urbane, though we never know when economic depression will prompt the disgruntled men of power to use Jews as scapegoats and the masses, in their financial distress and bewilderment, to give ear to preachers of hate. Jews are regarded as representative citizens in cities large and small; many rabbis are outstanding radio speakers, and occasionally dereligionized non-Jews look to them as a fountainhead of religious information and inspiration; the letters following broadcasts of Jewish interest give ample evidence of a vast gentile audience. The Nazi parade engineered a few days before the New York election attracted only 900 marchers, and Mayor La Guardia, imitating Theodore Roosevelt in the case of Ahlwardt, placed many officers of the Jewish faith among the 1,500 policemen designated to guard the paraders and the onlookers. We do not "look at our Gentile neighbors with accusing eyes"; we anticipate friendship and are prepared to return it in equal measure.

The Status of Judaism Among Jews

Feuerlicht declares that Jews blame their alleged indifference to religion "not upon themselves, but their business." The NRA was not in effect long enough to discern its influences on Sabbath attendance, and as it is, organized Jewish religion is making steady ad-

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vance in this country. So-called conservative Judaism, with its richer program of Jewish knowledge and piety, is decisively challenging the prestige of reform Judaism and compelling it, in turn, to forsake its opposition to Zionism, its divorcement from the Jewish masses, and its insufficient emphasis on traditional ceremonies. We have no central ecclesiastical authority, and each Jew is free to affiliate or abstain in matters religious. We deplore the laxity of Jews who do not recognize their obligations to their people and their faith but we are not interested in any "pressure from the outside."

Judaism is making new headway in the Jewish community because of a more adequate program of religious education, greater facilities, and improved equipment in synagogues, temple houses and community centers. Sabbath-eve services, even in the outlying districts of the country, meet with a reasonably satisfying response, and Sunday-morning community services, with discourses on themes of a literary, communal, and sociological nature, oftentimes bring vast congregations to the synagogue. The more stable the economic life of American Jewry and the further away the difficult adjustments of immigrant days, the more vital is the influence of the Jewish religion, the Hebrew language, the Zionist movement.

The Promise of the Future

We are told to "look to the promise of the future rather than the scars of the past. . . . It will be easy then, because we shall have returned from the Wailing Wall to the normal paths of life." Jews direct their thoughts "inward" not only on the Day of Atonement but throughout the entire year, and the accusation is groundless that Jews cut off "honest criticism" by gentiles or Jews. Non-Jewish writers seem very well able to take care of themselves in discussing the problem of Jews. Moreover, Jewish authors from the time of the Prophets to the present, with its magnificent works by Sholom Asch, I. J. Singer, and other analysts of the Jewish scene in its own right, have never pussyfooted in their portrayal of the faults and transgressions of some Jews. As a consequence, our masters and rabbis have never failed to hold before the eyes of Jews their mission to be "a kingdom of priests and a holy people."

A sneer at the Wailing Wall as an emblem of Jewish behavior smacks of the attitude of those tourists in the new Palestine who imagine they have seen the entire life of the Yishub or Jewish Settlement when they have watched a few graybeards swaying in prayer before this memento of the ancient temple. The pioneers of Zion who have come singing to the land of their fathers ever since 1880 are vigorous, hopeful youth, who know there will be "scars" in the future but who are prepared, if need be, to battle for Israel with the courage of a Trumpeldor who died at Tel Hai. Maurice M. Feuerlicht gives no indication that he has ever enlisted in the great movements of self-defense led by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise through the medium of the American and the World Jewish Congress; I am certain that he knows little of the Zionist movement and feels himself outside of and above it. To cure his own empoisoned spirit, I commend the words of Tennyson:

> *Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,*
> *These three alone lead life to sovereign power.*

Let him remember Isaiah's counsel to those "that follow after righteousness":

> Look unto the rock whence ye were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence ye were digged. Look unto Abraham, your father, and unto Sarah that bore you.

Jews "fail" in a Feuerlicht who malprizes and maligns himself and his people, who "befouls his own nest." But Jews "succeed" in the young pioneer, who when a visitor protested that it would take 100 years to make Palestine's bare hills fertile again, replied: "What are a hundred years in the life of the Eternal People!" And Jews succeed in a Heinrich Graetz who writes:

> What has prevented this constantly migrating people, this veritable Wandering Jew, from degenerating into brutalized vagabonds, into vagrant hordes of gypsies? The answer is at hand. In its journey through the desert of life, for eighteen centuries, the Jewish people carried along the Ark of the Covenant, which breathed into its heart ideal aspirations and even illumined the badge of disgrace affixed to its garment with an apostolic glory. The proscribed, outlawed, universally persecuted Jew felt a sublime, noble pride in being singled out to perpetuate and to suffer for a religion which reflects eternity, by which the nations of the earth were gradually educated to a knowledge of God and morality, and from which is to spring the salvation and redemption of the world.
>
> Such a people, which disdains its present but has the eye steadily fixed on its future, which lives as it were on hope, is on that very account eternal, like hope.

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Problem Mothers

by **KATHARINE WINANT**

For the twenty years I've lived in a college town I've heard students in the university and two junior colleges complain about having to go home for the quarterly holidays. Eager mothers would be brokenhearted to know the reluctance with which their Johnnies and Marys face spending two weeks with them. The collegians, with their correct disregard of euphemisms, lay their reluctance to "mother-itis." And, oddly enough, though the meaning of their new word is as old as time, few mothers bother to acquaint themselves with it.

Though the collegians articulated the expression, we older children borrow it on occasion. For we, too, have mother trouble, and some of us, unlike collegians on vacation, have it the whole year round. Of course we do not want to be unjust. As children we may be spoiled, unappreciative, careless, and neglectful; but we've heard enough about that from psychologists, teachers, sentimentalists, and from mothers themselves. It is to our credit that we have listened, many of us with real profit. But now we are eager to scrap the sentimental motherhood ballads long enough to look at the other side of the picture for full perspective. Our mothers have it coming to them.

They become active problems when they refuse to relinquish a hold on their mature children. Such mothers identify themselves with us to the point where we are handicapped in leading our own lives. They dictate our decisions, supervise our social and professional interests, cling to us for emotional sustenance, try to make us over, and otherwise indulge in a tyranny which, we children agree, is at cross purposes with the ultimate of maternal wisdom.

Their barnacle hold challenges our tolerance. Where we children recognize ourselves as adults with the minds and achievements of men and women, our mothers persist in seeing us only as their children. This is why they still feel responsible for our conduct, our ideas, our character, no matter what our age. This is why, at twenty or forty, we are expected to share their points of view rather than have ideas of our own. This is why we seem to our friends to act differently when we are with our mothers. And this is why so many of us are spiritually alienated from our own homes.

II

Our commonest lament, that mothers fail to evaluate life through the eyes of their children, is not so trite as it might first appear. Though this shortcoming has dated from the time of family life in the tree house, it is a particular trouble spot of our own times, a civilization notoriously careless of tradition. Rank religious, moral, and social intolerance is evidence enough of the failure of our elders to accustom themselves to the motor age. There is constant testimony of the deadlock in points of view between mothers and their children, some large differences, some merely annoying — the Methodist son who is scorned because he had the bad taste to fall in love with a Catholic girl; the woman of professional dignity who has to sneak her cigarette, away from her mother; the suspicion with which our provincial mothers regard our occasional cocktails; our hesitancy in taking certain unconventional friends to our mothers' homes; our reluctance to speak freely for fear of being thought irreverent upstarts.

Another common complaint (and all mothers will bristle in denial of this) is that the favorite pastime of mothers over the age of 45 is self-pity. We children deplore this mean indulgence. Moral oppression may be humorously circumvented, but the vice of self-pity is a martyrdom of sheer nonsense. The overuse of such expressions as "You children will never know what I've been through" is nerve-racking in the extreme. Self-pitying mothers are parasites on the sympathy of their children. More frequently than many of us realize, such

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mothers should be feared as potential psychopathic cases, for self-pity feeds on its own bounty. Those children who can ignore it or even correct it by exerting their wills are doing their mothers an immeasurable good. In exaggerated cases mothers may go to tragic extremes for the attention and sympathy of their children. I know a mother, a widow, who suffered "loss of memory" and lay for three days in a stupor after the marriage of her son, an only child. The physician, a student of human nature, pronounced it "futility neurosis," a form of hysteria, self-induced in a desperate bid for the son's attention.

Maternal jealousy takes many forms — some trifling, some serious. We children resent it in any form. We don't want to be loved possessively. As adults, we expect the privilege of making our own friends without maternal mediation. The fact that many mothers refuse this freedom is a source of infinite misery. There are countless men and women emotionally lopsided or perverted because their mothers' apron strings keep them from normal companionship with friends. Such children have failed to become normal adults because their mothers have been too self-centered to fulfill a prime duty of motherhood — to teach their children to be independent of them. In these difficult days of accelerated living, the namby-pamby mamma's boy sinks in the first stiff current.

Women who are inclined to be dogmatic with their children feel that motherhood is an excuse for the most personal intrusion into their children's lives. Particularly is this true if the children show signs of secreting their own intimate thoughts without benefit of maternal knowledge, as they will do when their mothers are unsympathetic. A woman I know who was accustomed to surreptitious reading of her daughter's diary was one day greeted with this entry:

> Mother, if you must read my diary, will you please put the key back in its proper place? I have told you before of my feeling about this habit of yours, but since it has done no good, I hopefully repeat. . . . You have said I have no respect for you. I hope this entry will enlighten you.

But that mother, like too many others, believed it her duty to know the personal reflections of her daughter. So convinced was she of her "mother's right" that she had the effrontery to shame her daughter for writing such things about her! Of course, rather than wrangle over such a bigoted attitude, the daughter gave up her diary, pretended to conform to expectations, and continued to think her own thoughts. The dogmatic mother tests the ingenuity of her children in inventing all manner of evasion.

The spoiled child has been deplored in every language since the original first families. But how many children have dared observe out loud that a mother can be as easily spoiled as a six-month-old baby? The spoiled mother, generally a widow or an unhappy wife, depends wholly on her children for emotional outlet. The saturation point of such a relationship is much more quickly reached by the children, who have many interests, than by the mother, who has too few outside the home. Akin to self-pity, this complex imposes on the children's time and devotion just as viciously.

A family several blocks from my home exemplifies this evil to perfection. The mother, widowed when her two sons were in the university, has taken advantage of her widow's weeds in demanding that the boys stay at home to establish themselves after graduation. Unable to find opportunity in a small town for their training, one son, with his degree in chemical engineering, has gone to work in a dry-goods store; the other, a brilliant student of languages, is clerking in a bank, as miserable in his surroundings as his brother.

The exactions of the spoiled mothers may in themselves be petty ones. I know a mother who expects her married son who lives across town to come to see her every day; he does, dutifully, often to the inconvenience of his wife. Another mother insists that her children go to bed every night by ten-thirty so she can "get some sleep"; her children are in their twenties and thirties. Another tries to make her academically minded daughter into a social butterfly, even as far as forcing giddily girlish clothes on her tailored type of personality. Such maternal exactions are a strain on the most patient sense of obligation. Jangled nerves come from the steady drip of the faucet, not from the splash.

Mothers excuse their absurd demands by saying, in effect, "But I've given up everything for you. Surely you can do this for me." And we children want to reply, "But why did

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you give up everything? We wanted you to keep your own lives and your own interests. You've made a life job of motherhood and now you've nothing else left. Are we responsible because you failed to look to the future when we'd be grown and not need you any more?"

III

A WAG WHO undoubtedly was the victim of motheritis once said, "Generations should not overlap." He suggested no panacea, and, since generations continue to overlap, we children must be as patient with our mothers as they were with us when they had children trouble. Above all, we must remember that our mothers want to be good mothers and that this very intention entitles them to every respect. Since mother trouble is due to misguided love, any attempt at amelioration must stay clear of sentimentality, faltering will, or, on the other hand, a spirit of argument. Any successful reformation must be based on a sensible appeal to reason, which, if the mother is not hopelessly unapproachable, ought to be sufficient as an adjustment to a more detached and freer attitude.

My own experience has been a common one with unmarried daughters who live at home. What I did about it was uncommon enough to give me the brief reputation with my brothers of being an archfiend.

My mother, now sixty, has been widowed fifteen years. Several years ago she had a period of ill health and, naturally, her three children were devotedly attentive. Strong again, she had in four months become too accustomed to our indulgences to do without them. Trivial expectations during her illness grew to demands when she was well.

She would no longer spend an evening alone in her room, even if I were in my room at work. Since my married brothers lived in their own homes, this duty of staying with Mother became a highly irritating nuisance. If I tried to work around her, picking up a book meant a signal for conversation it was impossible to ignore. Although I paid my mother for room and board, I found myself without the privileges of an ordinary roomer, who can at least retire to his own privacy. Not only did I find my leisure hours imposed on, but my night work as a teacher had to be neglected.

Another trivial demand which grew to outsize proportions was her carry-over habit of wanting to be taken out for air in the car every day. If extracurricular duties kept me at school until five or six o'clock, no matter; my fatigue was no excuse. There had to be an hour for air. This duty was also exclusively mine. And nothing quite so much annoys the busy person, tired or not, as driving for an endless, aimless hour.

Over a period of months, petty demands piled up until I faced a mammoth pyramid of trifles, each in itself unimportant. If I turned on my radio upstairs, Mother would be hurt that I hadn't turned on hers for her downstairs, though she was perfectly capable of doing this herself. If my brothers didn't come to see her every day or so, I had to listen to protestations that they were "neglecting their mother." If I planned an evening out with friends, I heard the same complaint about myself.

I feared that my mother's self-pity was turning into hypochondria. Her conversation began to be a veritable repertory of aches and pains. Yet I noticed that, when her complaints failed to attract proper attention, her ailments would mysteriously disappear.

I have always loved my mother with a genuine affection that far transcends any filial sense of dutiful love. She is generous, she has a refreshing sense of humor, and she has a capacity for adjusting herself to the viewpoints of her children that is so exceptional my friends have commented on it in open envy. Because I admire her as much as I love her, these changes were particularly heartbreaking for me to face.

They were far more apparent to me than to my brothers for the simple reason that I was with her far more. And, since it was I who had taken time to pamper her, I realized that our mother trouble was largely my own fault. Ironically, my nerves were raw in consequence of my own kindness. I had to face two clear facts: My mother had a bad case of self-pity, and she had become dreadfully spoiled. Now what could I do about it?

The answer came suddenly but not without premeditation. One week end when I was packing to go to the city for two days, I noticed that Mother was crying. She didn't want me to go because she wouldn't have any one to sit with her that evening! I hadn't been out of town in eighteen months and I couldn't be convinced that I was being neglectful.

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I put down my bag and led mother to the divan. Right on through train time I talked with her. I told her exactly how self-centered she had become. Calmly and kindly I told her in detail. I did not neglect telling her, too, how very much I loved her or how much pleasure I felt in doing all reasonable things to please her. Above all, I tried to give her a reasonable detachment of viewpoint for unemotional consideration of her children's problem.

I cannot pretend she was not hurt. Her dejection was pathetic. Yet, if my explaining was to do any permanent good, I could not stay with her, for lack of will would defeat all I hoped for. It took all my courage, but I took a later train and left as I had planned.

On hearing what I had done, my brothers were horrified at my "rotten taste." They were both convinced of the divine rights of motherhood, but I had long noticed that they had managed to evade waiting on Mother on every possible occasion, even at my expense. They finally forgave my shocking manners, however, when results began to show. Within the week Mother was in excellent spirits. She gave no hint of her cruel disillusionment, nor did I. And from that time, a full two years ago, I have been profoundly grateful for her adaptability and her rare sportsmanship. Realizing that she had learned to depend far too much on her children, she began to regain her outside interests.

Now, among her various activities she hasn't time for self-pity. She gets all the air she wants in going out with friends of her own age, she hasn't a thought for lonely evenings, and she enjoys too many personal contacts to have to lean on her children for companionship and emotional sustenance.

And what a delightful change in the family! My brothers' dutiful twenty-minute calls on mother have changed into evening-long visits (with their wives) with the stimulating woman they used to know. And I, with leisure time my own again, have reinstated myself with neglected friends, traveled in Europe, and written a novel long planned.

Of course I admire mother's personal achievement with real feeling and I am proud to be partially responsible for it. Psychologists may not approve my method, but it worked. Proof of her success, she is a much happier woman — and certainly she has three happier children!

IV

It seems to me that adult children who live at home have to make an inevitable choice in connection with the maternal relationship. Either they exert their will, as I did, to secure sufficient freedom in living their own lives, or they submit to silent torture. The first alternative recognizes individual differences and means a happy respect by both mother and child for each other's ego. The second means intellectual and social servitude. This servitude may be genuine, in which case the child matures into a colorless version of the mother. Or the servitude may be the camouflage of a hypocrite who has his own ideas about escaping the dictates of a redoubtable mother. Friends of mine who have chosen this means of relief give their mothers full credit for developing them into liars of real skill. Thoughtless oppression is an enormous strain on our veracity. We all know mothers who are duped every day of their lives. We children understand one another; no appeal stirs us to quicker sympathy than "But what shall I tell Mother?"

Mounting irritation over trifles, concrete or abstract, can undermine the most devoted relationship. Just as, in marriage, the accumulation of trifles can lead to divorce, under the vague general name of "incompatibility," so other family relationships have their nightmares of incompatibility. Yet there is seldom a single maladjustment that cannot be amicably corrected — given intelligent understanding.

My own success with mother trouble was due, I am convinced, not only to my approach, which I can only hope was intelligent, but to my mother's response, which I am sure was intelligent. And what was true of my mother's attitude would be true of all mothers under similar circumstances: her desire to be the mother we wanted her to be was half won from the start by her eagerness to be more reasonable once she realized how her behavior was estranging us.

I have never known a problem mother, including my own, who was not blessedly unconscious of her impositions on the affection of her children. Yet fatuous disregard of the laws of human nature is no more excuse for leniency than fatuous disregard of man-made laws. And certainly it can do as much damage!

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Who Is Hopkins?

by **RAYMOND CLAPPER**

Most of those young, daring, and active New Dealers who mobilized in Washington in the spring of 1933 have succumbed to weary, disillusioned middle age. Some of them left, unable to endure the heat of conspicuous public life. Others went away to make money. Then you will find a number of them who have just grown tired. They are still around, but their eager enthusiasm is gone. They have discovered that making America over is a discouragingly slow and tedious task, quite thankless and full of grief. So they have become muscle-bound in office routine and have taken on the drab protective coloration of the professional government employee whose chief end in life is to stay on the payroll and keep out of trouble.

But none of this is true of Harry Hopkins. He is going to see it through. He not only remains the senior veteran of the original New Dealers but is as zestful, as eager, and as hopeful as he was on that May day in 1933 when he arrived in Washington to take charge of relief administration for the new President. He has had bitter and disappointing experiences. In four and a half years as head of federal relief, Hopkins has been the object of more criticism and controversy than all other New Dealers combined. You might think that by now his sharp-jutting chin would have been worn away by what it has had to take. Yet it is sticking out as strong as ever, ready for more. He has learned that some things just can't be done. But he is convinced still that many things can be done. So he isn't quitting. On the contrary, he has his second wind.

If you walk beyond the White House in Washington and around the south end of the State Department building and into New York Avenue, you pass the Corcoran Art Gallery and Emergency Hospital and come to a second-hand building which has been fumigated and painted over inside. On the top floor, in a small bare office such as any self-respecting vice-president of a third-rate corporation would be ashamed to be seen in, you will find the thin, wiry, youngish man through whose hands, in the last four and a half years, have passed more than $7,000,000,000 — which must be an all-time world-wide record — and who has given jobs to more people than anyone else who ever lived, including the pyramid-building Pharaohs.

Most of the New Dealers who have stayed on have managed to surround themselves with luxuriously paneled offices, delightfully air-cooled. I saw Harry Hopkins sitting in his small, barely furnished room on the hottest afternoon of a Washington summer. His shirt was open. A glass of ice water was in front of him. Also on his desk was a thermometer which at that moment registered 90 degrees. The entire office force had been dismissed two hours earlier because of the intense heat. So Administrator Hopkins was able to talk uninterruptedly.

I asked him how it felt to be spending such inconceivably large sums. You can figure that instead of spending this $7,000,000,000 in four and a half years, he might have doled it out at the rate of $7 a minute beginning with the birth of Christ and still have had a little left over in the till this year.

"Sometimes I pinch myself," he said. "When I stop to think of the size of this operation, I wonder if it is that same Harry Hopkins that I know or someone else. I think it must be a dream and that I will wake up."

However, Mr. Hopkins is not given to thinking a great deal about the past. For the most part he looks back on his work as an emergency job in which the government, without much time to plan and working from hand to mouth, has tried to keep body and soul together for as many people as possible until something better could be done. He didn't like it any more than most of the recipients did, but the task was to keep people from starving, and it couldn't wait.

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He abhors market-basket relief. He rebels when he thinks of the millions of people who have been compelled, through no fault of their own, to apply for food to keep their families from hunger. He hates relief. That is why he has fought so persistently to provide useful work so that those in need of public assistance could obtain it by some more self-respecting method than just begging for it. He has, in so far as possible, enabled them to earn it.

Because he does feel so strongly about this, he has refused to listen to tantalizing offers from private business. Although he has to live modestly on his government salary, he prefers to stay and work on a long-range plan which would deal with the problem of unemployment more intelligently than in the past. That is what he is absorbed in now.

In his opinion the government will never spend much less to support the unemployed than it is now spending. It may spend the money in a different way. During recent months there has been a rapid absorption of WPA workers back into private industry. In the last 21 months, at least 1,500,000 have been taken back into private jobs. Some continued absorption is expected but not a great deal more.

Plans for the Future

The search for a workable answer to this problem is occupying much of Mr. Hopkins' time and most of his interest. He expects that the federal government always will have to provide work for some 1,000,000 able-bodied persons who cannot find jobs in private industry. This figure would fluctuate with business conditions. Useful public work would take up the slack.

In addition there are what he calls Class-B people, twilight-zone men and women, perhaps 600,000 or more. They are the ones who are getting along in years but who are still able to work, although not at the pace required in private industry. A contractor is reluctant to hire a 55-year-old carpenter. He may be a good workman but he is slow. Such men don't want pensions. It would be wasteful to give them pensions. They still have some working years left which the government could salvage while enabling them to preserve their self-respect.

Also in this group are maladjusted personalities, men who can work but who for temperamental reasons can't hold private jobs. The aged, Mr. Hopkins would take off relief and provide for through an expanded old-age pension system. He does not believe that more than fifteen per cent of his relief recipients are chronic and willing to make relief a permanent career. They are mostly elderly people who should be on pensions.

One thing Mr. Hopkins is fixed upon. That is that the federal government has a permanent responsibility in these cases. He cannot foresee the time when it will be able to abandon them. Nor does he expect the cost of supporting them ever to become much lower. His purpose in Washington now is to help bring about a program which will deal more effectively with this one third which is "ill-clad, ill-housed, and ill-fed."

"There is reason to think," Mr. Hopkins says, "that the present economic system is capable of giving to all its workers those things which are now the expectation of a comparative few: a warm, decent place to live in; a liberal diet; suitable clothes; travel, vacations, automobiles, radios, and college educations for those who want them.

"Even one who does not pretend to be an expert on the subject can see a few fairly obvious means by which we can approach the problem of redistribution. Wages must be raised, and hours lowered. Unfair profits will have to be translated into lower unit prices. Some three million persons over sixty years of age should be taken out of the labor market. Most of them are not there because they want to be but for dire necessity. Compulsory school age, with some exceptions, probably should be raised, and young boys removed from competition with their fathers."

Thus instead of becoming bowed down with the weight of his difficult post, instead of becoming cynical and callous under the intermittent attacks for which he has been such a conspicuous target, Mr. Hopkins is driving on with hopeful enthusiasm, a hard-boiled, practical sentimentalist. There isn't much ahead for him except a continuation of criticism and the satisfaction of trying to improve the lot of his less fortunate fellow men. Possibly, if a new department of public welfare is created, he will become head of it and thus be in a better position to work for a co-ordinated

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program. But, even so, he will not be able to gather into such a department the various agencies that should be there, except by making a bitter inside fight against other department heads. Yet the prospect interests him far more than that of devoting his remarkable administrative talents to making money in private life.

The Warrior

Few of the New Dealers have thrived on the excitement and intense controversy of Washington more than Mr. Hopkins. It wore out the sensitive Rex Tugwell and left him deeply wounded. It infuriates Ickes and runs up his blood pressure. But it just bounces off Hopkins. By nature he is cocky and tough. He didn't play basketball and run campus politics at Grinnell for nothing. Social workers are supposed to be generally mild, meek, and long-suffering. But the years Mr. Hopkins spent in social work before he became a public relief administrator only deepened his sympathies without softening his skin. It is obvious, as he sits talking through the curling cigarette smoke, that his vocabulary has survived unexpurgated.

He does not have the average administrative official's trepidation about tangling in political controversy. Because he was the biggest spender in the government, he was spotted early by the Republicans as a convenient target. They quickly found that he not only could take it but could hand it back.

When Henry P. Fletcher, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, charged Hopkins with playing politics with relief, the Administrator retorted sharply:

> With the smug complacency which apparently goes with the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Fletcher has seen fit to accuse me of playing politics because I am feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and sheltering the destitute regardless of their sex, age, creed, color, race or place of residence. If that be politics, I plead guilty, but decline to enter into argument with Mr. Fletcher. Hunger is not debatable.

When they attacked him for promoting boondoggling, he retorted that he was proud of it. He seldom allows himself to be put on the defensive. When critics became too noisy, he said they were "just too damn dumb to appreciate the finer things of life." It doesn't bother him.

He paid little attention to the petty criticism of relief which was so prevalent during its early years. For instance, at one period no bridge party of housewives was complete without complaints of the difficulty of obtaining domestic help. The reason always was that servants would not work because they could do just as well on relief. One day Mr. Hopkins was asked about that. He replied: "I think this is the way that got started. Someone calls up and can't get a maid with just the right colored eyes to go to work the next morning. So the next day she says, 'This relief is ridiculous — you can't get a maid to work at all any more.'"

If you remember Eugene Talmadge, the anti-New Deal Governor of Georgia who was retired last year, you may recall that he was constantly quarrelling with Hopkins. Once the Administrator exploded. "All that guy is after is headlines," he said. "He doesn't contribute a dime but he's always yapping." No governor had ever been publicly spoken to like that by a Washington official before. When Talmadge complained that CWA wages were too high, Mr. Hopkins retorted: "Some people just can't stand seeing others make a decent living."

In time Hopkins quit getting mad, and he seldom bothers any more to answer rhetorical shrapnel.

Hopkins and Roosevelt

Some of his friends have talked of him as a presidential possibility. Mr. Hopkins is too realistic about himself to take this seriously. He knows that he has made a great many enemies by having to fight off politicians throughout his whole time in Washington.

"Political interference has been a difficulty," he once said. "I would not say it is serious, but it has been a difficulty. I have quit getting mad about it. I am amazed at the number of people who are trying to horn in on making a little money."

When Al Smith said that nobody would shoot Santa Claus just before Christmas, Mr. Hopkins, speaking out of a fullness of experience, observed, "The hell they won't. Santa Claus really needs a bullet-proof vest."

Mr. Hopkins knows that politicians tolerate him for what they can squeeze out of him for their States. They come around smiling pleasantly. But he is under no illusions that any of

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them is going to be overcome with gratitude and hand him on a silver platter the presidential nomination or anything else.

He has Democratic roots in Iowa, although after he left college he went to New York, where he spent most of his adult life. In Iowa his father, who lost his harness shop in the depression of 1893, was a Bryan Democrat and ran for Congress time after time. Son Harry says his father never got enough votes to fill a hat. Three years ago a brother of Harry Hopkins ran for coroner on the Republican ticket in Tacoma, Washington. Harry received the news in his customary manner. "Well," he said, "I thought that party died two years ago and didn't need a coroner."

Notwithstanding the depressing nature of the problem which has been assigned to him, Mr. Hopkins has retained a buoyant lightheartedness which is not unlike that of President Roosevelt's. The two are extremely congenial. The President likes having him around. Their ideas harmonize, and Mr. Hopkins is never gloomy or bowed down with worried alarm over the state of the nation, as are so many of those who see the President.

They first met in 1928 when Mr. Roosevelt was running for governor of New York. Mr. Hopkins was helping in the Smith presidential campaign. Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt took an immediate fancy to him, and, if he has had any stronger friend during the stormy days of the New Deal than the President, it has been Mrs. Roosevelt. When the depression set in and Governor Roosevelt turned to establish his State relief organization, he asked Mr. Hopkins to take charge. When Mr. Roosevelt moved to Washington, he brought his relief man down with him, at a $3,000 reduction in salary.

Taking the whole four and a half years into consideration, it is no exaggeration to say that, week in and week out, Mr. Hopkins has had more influence on the Roosevelt politics than any other one person. With his aggressive humanitarian outlook, his insistence first that the unemployed must be fed and later that they must be given work, simple work in vast quantities, Mr. Hopkins has sold his policies to the President and, more important, he has kept the President sold on them. Because of Mr. Hopkins, the President resisted pressure in the last year to cut down relief with drastic abruptness as many of his advisers urged him.

Likewise, Mr. Hopkins won in the prolonged feud with Secretary Ickes over public-works policy. Ickes favored the slower program of heavy public works, relying on a stimulus to heavy industries through purchase of materials to provide employment pickup. Hopkins argued that this was too slow and too expensive. He fought for the light, fast moving WPA projects, which would directly and quickly employ thousands where the heavier public-works program would directly employ only hundreds — and those mostly through private contractors' hiring men in the open market instead of off relief rolls. For a time the President, with his customary disposition to keep peace in the family, rode both policies. Eventually some curtailment was necessary, and the showdown battle between Hopkins and Ickes was bitter.

But, more than this, President Roosevelt's humanitarian impulses have been strengthened and implemented by Mr. Hopkins. From him the President obtained the idea of dramatizing the one third of our population which he describes as ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed. His persistent repetition of that theme is a result of the Hopkins influence. It is probable that there is still more to come in the direction of improving the lot of this group. Behind the Great Humanitarian stands Hopkins, the Expert Humanitarian, feeding ideas on what to do.

His Private Life

Perhaps I make Hopkins seem grim and determined. He is determined. But he is far from grim.

One day a Washington newspaper printed a picture of Mr. Hopkins but identified it as that of Attorney General Homer S. Cummings. Pausing in his labors, the Relief Administrator wrote the Attorney General as follows:

> I am delighted to see what a fine upstanding young man you are getting to be. Your face is beginning to show real character, and I want you to know that all of your friends are delighted.

Now 47 years old, with his hair thinning and graying slightly, Mr. Hopkins still looks hardly more than 40. He has the bounce of a college sophomore without the bumptiousness. High-strung, hard-driven, he takes little care of himself. He used to play golf with Stephen T. Early, White House Secretary, but he has

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practically no exercise now except on short vacations which he snatches a few days at a time.

Once or twice a week he plays poker, indulging a taste which has survived despite a long association with social workers. Occasionally he will spend a quiet evening talking with someone like Senator Robert M. LaFollette, for whom he has great admiration. He chooses his friends among New Dealers almost entirely.

Mr. Hopkins lives quietly with his wife and small daughter in an apartment at the Kennedy-Warren on Connecticut Avenue. Many of his nights are spent working, blueprinting his hopes for helping the underdog. If not that, then in reading — sometimes biography, such as Stryker's life of Andrew Johnson, or detective stories. Hopkins and Tugwell used to spot the good mystery yarns for each other.

While he is positive that the federal government must go into the business of helping the submerged one third more systematically than heretofore, Hopkins has no designs on the capitalistic system. In fact, he believes that, by improving the condition of the lowest economic groups, the market for the goods of private industry would be immeasurably expanded. Suppose everyone could afford two pairs of shoes instead of one pair — or none. Farsighted private business, he thinks, ought to welcome this effort to improve the standard of living among the impoverished portion of the population.

There was a time, a couple of years ago, when Mr. Hopkins was toying with the idea of establishing industries to be manned by relief workers, somewhat after the EPIC plan of Upton Sinclair, whose candidacy for the governorship of California Mr. Hopkins hailed enthusiastically. But a few cautious experiments of that kind created so much opposition that he quickly saw the idea was impracticable and in fact politically impossible. It was soon abandoned.

The idea was not so much his own as it was that of some of his assistants. Hopkins is too hard-boiled to be attracted to highly theoretical crackpot ideas. Many place his boondoggling experiments in that class. But actually they are, from his point of view, highly practical. He could not see how it was possible to put a violinist to work at manual labor. Why not let him play — get up an orchestra of unemployed musicians and let them, while on relief, give free concerts? No worse, he thought, than a city's providing free municipal concerts. Let the musicians play for their relief bread instead of getting it for nothing. Then they will be in better condition to return to jobs in private orchestras than if they had spent a year digging ditches or, even worse, doing nothing.

Such plans as he is trying to evolve now are based on nothing new or startling. They involve no innovations. He would provide some more jobs by passing wages and hours legislation. He would broaden the social-security act to give more assistance to the aged. He would shorten the working span also by more severe restrictions on child labor. He would improve the functioning of public employment exchanges and tie them in more closely to unemployment-insurance operations.

In short, he is what you would call a practical New Dealer.

Thus, living a life as simple and unpretentious as the purchasing agent of a small business, Harry Hopkins, the world's largest employer and its greatest spender, contributes his talents to the destiny of the New Deal.

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An Anthropologist Looks at Doctors

by **EARNEST A. HOOTON**

MAN ALONE of all animals contrives to be stupidly intellectual. He utilizes his vast endowment of brain in coming to grips with the abstruse and the irrelevant, under the impression that in so doing he is practical. Forever he strains his eyes toward distant horizons and stubs his toes upon contiguous objects. He worries incessantly about the destiny of his soul but is unconcerned with the nature of his body. He seeks to know everything but himself.

Of course I do not imply that man is uninterested in himself. On the contrary, he applies to shallow reflections on his personality most of the residue of attention left from the contemplation of his own doings. Yet he seems to lack a healthy curiosity about his own body, in spite of a morbid preoccupation with its aches. Now, I am not enough of an optimist to attempt to whip an animal which hates to admit itself an animal into a scientific enthusiasm for the study of its animal properties. You cannot churn the fresh butter of pure science out of the sour milk of human egotism. So I am going to try to show that, if man really wants to be able to forget that he is an animal by ridding himself of animal pathology, he can effect this end only by studying human biology.

SAVAGES AND SCIENTISTS

MEDICAL SCIENCE is usually supposed to have originated in primitive man's concern with his own sore toes and stomach-aches, but perhaps its beginnings may be traced into animal society. Monkeys spend considerable portions of their time in an occupation mistakenly called flea hunting, which zoologists describe as "grooming." One animal carefully examines a fellow's coat with its fingers, often eating the odds and ends which it finds and also licking the fur and nibbling at it. When alone, a monkey will pick its own fur. It is very glad to pick over the hair of a human friend. I had a cat which was passionately fond of climbing up on my shoulders and licking my hair.

The grooming habits of monkeys and apes have been interpreted as the basic form of social intercourse and as a sexual reaction. I suggest that medical procedure is an extension of this habit. Even in civilized society the lowly barber is the precursor of the eminent surgeon. But the corporeal curiosity of the lower primates seems to have been inhibited in man by his mystical imaginings. Savages employ more real pharmaceutical knowledge than is usually credited to them and practice a rude, but sometimes efficacious, surgery. Nevertheless, magic is the basis of their healing art and bodily ailments are quite constantly referred to spiritual causes. The medicine man is, on the whole, as much concerned with malevolent but lucrative efforts to work harm to individuals as with curing them. Unfortunately, it is comparatively easy to induce real bodily ailments through the imagination but practically impossible to cure organic disease by spiritual treatment. Yet we have been too ready to dismiss contemptuously the efforts of primitive man to cure and to prevent disease.

Man, whether savage or civilized, employs the same processes of reasoning. Savages and scientists utilize the same methods of trial and error (or, if you like, experimentation) for arriving at mistaken conclusions. Of course, the former have to work from a much smaller and more faulty body of tradition and consequently start more frequently with incorrect premises. But civilized and savage theory and practice of medicine labor alike under the same fundamental disadvantage — namely, that they have been devised to meet bodily emer-

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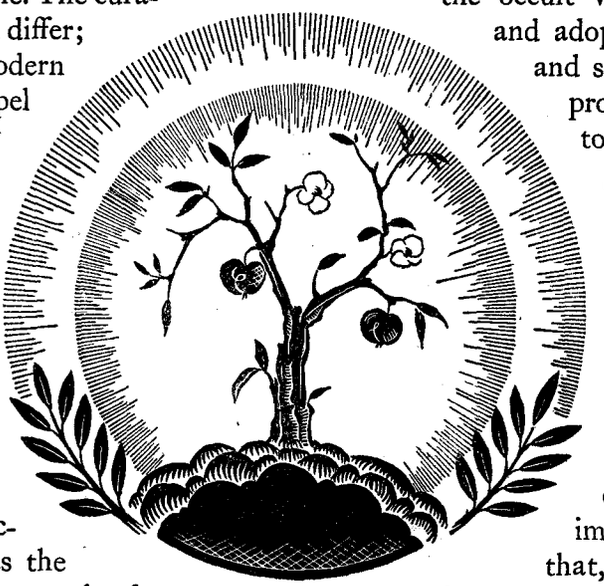
gencies without due consideration of the fact that extraordinary organic happenings can be understood only through a knowledge of normal functioning. The primitive practitioner's failure to deal with pathology as a manifestation of the organism springs logically from the conception that disease is a malevolent infestation, magically caused. It must, therefore, be combated homeopathically by extra-organic and, usually, spiritual methods. Now it does not seem to me that this theory of disease is altogether remote from the bacteriological approach of modern medicine. The curative processes do indeed differ; both medicine man and modern physician attempt to repel boarders, the former by direct spiritual and manipulatory intervention, the latter by stimulating the organism to produce antibodies.



In primitive society, the public attempt of the supposedly adept person to control supernatural powers in behalf of the social group is accounted religion, whereas the private practice of the occult for the benefit or to the disadvantage of individuals is generally considered magic — and "black magic" at that. In other words, the professional trafficker with the spiritual world is a priest when he operates in the open for the good of the community, but, when he retires into his closet to pray or to cast spells, he is a magician. As such, he is suspected of antisocial proclivities, is feared, and receives a fee — to induce him either to lay on or to lay off. I do not pretend that the statements made above hold true for every primitive society, but they probably have a sufficient validity to establish my point — which is that the doctor is originally a priest who has gone mercenary. The savage idea is that a professional intervention with the supernatural powers on behalf of an individual is subversive of the interests of society as a whole. I am not at all sure that such an attitude implies an unsound social policy.

Whatever of real value in the way of curative medicine and therapeutic practice is found in primitive society may originate then in the herbs and simples of the mother and housewife, rather than in the hocus-pocus of the professional. True medical science may be some sort of extension of the grooming instinct, all mixed up with and sublimated by the maternal instinct. Or, again, what I have been saying is possibly mere solemn nonsense. What really interests me is how, in the course of evolving civilization, the medical profession has been able to preserve the odor of sanctity originally appertaining to the priest, losing the stench of the occult while retaining its fees, and adopting a pharmacological and surgical procedure which probably rightfully belongs to the laity.

The Individual vs. the Race

I do not know the genesis of socialized and humanitarian medicine but I suspect that it owes a good deal of its growth to the decline of belief in the immortality of the soul — that, losing hope of a spiritual future, man concentrates on the prolongation of the bodily present. He now tends to idealize and exalt the curative specialist in bodily ailments, whereas, formerly, the emoluments fell to the curate of souls. Hence the quondam evangelical missionary has gone medical.

Now I should be very loath to have any reader interpret my remarks as expressive of a lack of appreciation of the personnel and accomplishments of the medical profession. I am just as cowardly about the ailments of my own carcass as anyone else and I rush to the doctor in the same sweat of fear and receive his ministrations and reassurances with the same glow of confidence as does any other fearful fool. Yet, outside of the role of grateful patient, I feel privileged, as an anthropologist, to discuss the status and function of modern medicine in society.

Apart from the humanitarian motives which none of us wishes to deny to medical science, doctors are actuated in the pursuit of their profession by scientific curiosity and by the

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necessity of earning a living. My experience leads me to believe that they are as relatively free from mercenary considerations as any other occupational group. Nevertheless, the pressure of the curative function bears so heavily on them at all times that the detachment which is perhaps essential for pure scientific achievement is almost impossible of attainment. Their practice and their experimentation are necessarily tinctured with humanitarianism and diluted with expediency. The virtual canonization of the profession saddles it with the maintenance of certain saintly attitudes which are both incompatible with science and antipathetic to human betterment.

For example, there is imposed on medicine the dogma of the sanctity of human life and the supreme obligation to preserve it, no matter how useless it may be to society and how painful it may be to its possessor. If society were really enlightened, it would tear the halo from the doctor's head and trust him to use his own scientific discretion in preventing the birth of infants doomed to disease and bodily defect and consequent social inadequacy. It would permit the physician to give a painless release to incurable sufferers whose lives are a burden to themselves and to society. However, since members of the medical profession have to be fitted to a Procrustean bed of sentimental ethics, we cannot expect from them any frank and open consideration of the extent to which the exercise of their scientific skill ought to be extended *or restricted* for the good of the human species. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs not to make reply," theirs not to let us die—so we have the perennial charge of the life brigade.

I take it that the objectives of medical science are the following: (1) to cure and to prevent disease, to alleviate suffering, and to prolong life in the individual and in the social group; (2) to improve the quality of human stocks by putting into practice measures based on the knowledge of human inheritance. Such a prodigious program is comparable in magnitude to the establishment and maintenance of government, and I am inclined to regard it as vastly more important.

Actually, the main obstacle in the path of ultimate medical achievement — the physical and mental improvement of humanity as a whole — seems to be the ever present necessity of focusing attention on the individual patient rather than on the needs of the group. The immediate task of medicine is to do the best for each individual as he presents himself for treatment. It seems improbable that this method, in the long run, will achieve much in the way of race betterment. Patching up diseased organisms and restoring them to some semblance of normal functioning may confer benefit on the individuals in receipt of medical care; it may be positively detrimental to race improvement.

Thwarting Evolution

Here we must consider the effects on human evolution of the untrammeled operation of natural selection and of modern interference with it. In primitive societies the individual survives by virtue of his constitutional vigor and by dint of good or bad luck in his environmental lot. The medicine man is there, messing about in the social group, but he merely adds to the ordinary hazards of human life and certainly contributes nothing to the preservation of the individual, whether the latter be fit or unfit. The weak inevitably succumb at an early age, and only those endowed with better constitutions live long enough to reproduce and to perpetuate their kind. Such brutal selection is accepted by savages in a fatalistic manner; there is no excessive value put on human life. Sentimentality and familial affection do indeed exist, but humanitarianism, in the sense of a disinterested desire to shelter and preserve every individual of the human species, is lacking. I do not for a moment maintain that this attitude results in the production of none but a perfect human animal in savage society — many savages are miserable specimens — but it does seem to ensure the elimination of the most inferior, in the sense of those most poorly adapted to withstand the hazards of their environment.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the effect of the socialization of medicine today is to increase enormously the proportion of the physically and mentally unfit in society. While medical science, as yet, is unable to prevent and to cure many diseases, it has succeeded in lowering infant mortality, in raising the expectation of life, and in preserving for long periods many persons of inferior constitution whose bodily processes have been impaired by the ravages of disease. It has, in short, res-

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cued the perishing as well as cared for the dying. I venture to question the desirability of this remarkable achievement from an evolutionary and social point of view. It is as if farmers should concentrate their veterinary skill upon the preservation and natural increase of the runts which turn up in their litters of pigs. The result would be more and more of worse and worse pigs. A sympathy and fellow-feeling for swine would not excuse such a policy. Christ was a good deal wiser when, having allowed the devils to go into the Gadarene swine, he unperturbedly watched the latter rush down from a high place into the sea.

It, therefore, might appear that medical science has impaled itself on the twin horns of a dilemma: either it must continue to lower the mean level of human health and intelligence by lavishing its skill on the perpetuation of the unfit or it must withhold its ministrations from those who need them most and concentrate its attention on the apparently well and strong, who need it little, if at all. However, such a view of the situation is superficial and erroneous. No one can argue seriously that the diseased and the maimed should be allowed to suffer and to die without medical care. Society can manage to support its incurables and its dependents, if only they do not multiply by reproduction. The answer is that they should be allowed to live, as long as they can live without excessive suffering, but that they should not be allowed to breed. Euthanasia, however, under proper restrictions, ought not to be either illegal or unethical as the final resort of medical practice.

A New Field of Study

Here I wish to discuss rather the desirability of allotting some medical care and scientific attention to well human beings. Medical science is so preoccupied with the immediate exigencies of specific pathologies that it has little or no time to devote to such remote considerations as race improvement and the normal functional and morphological variations of the human animal. I do not think that it is fair to blame medicine for its failure to envisage the anthropological situation which it is creating, but it does seem that the profession ought to recognize that it can have but a limited comprehension of the causes of sickness in human beings if it does not know what they are like when they are well. As it is, the nature and range of the normal is to a great extent inferred from observation of the pathological — which is about all that the doctor ever sees.

There are in the files of every hospital innumerable medical histories pertaining to patients admitted for treatment on account of this or that disease. I do not think there exists any comparable body of data relative to persons who are supposed to be healthy, except, perhaps, in the records of insurance companies and of the army or navy. These latter sources of information can be utilized and, to some extent, have been utilized, but they are insufficient. Again, medical histories are very limited in their scope and reliability. What we need is a great mass of standardized and periodic medical and anthropological observations of adequate samples of the population in which each individual is studied from birth to death. I doubt if there is in the world a single complete anthropological and medical record of the life history of an individual.

Now, I wish to propose and describe an institute for the study of well human beings, the object of which would be to find out what man is like when he is well, in order to apply this knowledge to him when he is sick. Such an institute would not require the building of any large, expensive, and elaborate material equipment in the way of hospitals, laboratories, and offices. It could be set up in any first-rate medical school in connection with facilities already in existence. It would need merely funds for a staff, for a clinic, for some laboratory experimentation, and for the establishment and maintenance of a filing room and a statistical laboratory.

The plan of work of such an institute would be somewhat as follows. At the outset there would be selected for observation a sample of at least 100 young couples, just married or about to be married. These would be induced to submit themselves and their families to repeated studies in return for free medical services for themselves and their offspring as long as they remained in the study group. The samples selected would be distributed among several economic and social levels and from two or three racial and ethnic stocks.

The candidates for the study would first of all be subjected to a medical examination, and

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only those of reasonably sound constitution and enjoying good health would be chosen. As a preliminary to the routine studies on these couples and their families, it would be desirable, so far as possible, to secure anthropometric and medical data concerning their parents and their brothers and sisters and pertinent facts about their ancestry. Sociological information and family histories would not be neglected. The young couples themselves would be examined by a physical anthropologist, who would record in detail their measurements, bodily proportions, and morphological features; by a psychologist who would determine their intelligence quotients and would assemble such facts concerning their mental processes and temperaments as lend themselves to reasonably accurate scientific observation. Various medical specialists (including dentists) would make examinations and report meticulously on their findings. Any condition which required medical care or surgical correction would receive it immediately.

The biological histories of these families would then be recorded as they unfolded in the natural course of events. When a young wife entered on her first pregnancy she would come under the care of a first rate obstetrician and gynecologist; and at two or three selected periods of this interesting condition she would be re-examined anthropometrically, medically, and psychologically. In the event that childbearing was deferred, owing to the use of contraceptives or to sterility arising from various pathological conditions, both parents would be studied, and causes and effects of the condition would be, if possible, ascertained. Such remedial measures as are justified would be applied.

Normal Human Biology

With the birth of children would begin the assembling of the data of the greatest ultimate value to medical science and to the knowledge of human heredity. It goes without saying that during infancy these offspring would be periodically examined and measured and studied from every apposite scientific point of view. A pediatrician and a child psychologist would observe them during the period of growth. If possible, such methods as Dr. Arnold Gesell has developed at Yale University for study of growing infants would be applied. From the eruption of the first tooth, a dental specialist would keep the subject under observation. Diseases of infancy and childhood would not only receive expert medical care, but would be correlated with anthropometric and psychological changes. During the period of family growth the parents would not be neglected, but would also receive routine examinations at stated, but longer, intervals. These studies of parents and children would continue without intermission into the old age of the former and through the maturity of the latter, and would be extended, if possible, to the next generation and indefinitely thereafter.

Before I discuss the practicability of such a scheme, let me enlarge on the results which might be expected from the analysis of the masses of data accruing from such studies. In the first place, the multitudinous and varied information would have to be subjected to statistical reduction and analysis. The data would be intercorrelated from the point of view of anthropology, genetics, medicine, psychology, and sociology. Here is an incomplete list of subjects which might be illuminated by the study of such analyzed materials: the inheritance of physical proportions, bodily dimensions, and morphological features; the inheritance of pathological tendencies, both mental and physical, and similarly of special capabilities; sex variations in such inheritance; individual, sexual, and familial diversity in physical and mental growth; the effect of the various diseases of childhood on growth and development; the development of specific immunities and susceptibilities to various diseases in individuals and families; physiological, anatomical, and psychological age changes in relation to known social environment and physical heredity.

Now none of these subjects constitutes a completely novel field of scientific investigation, but I can state quite positively that very little is known about any of them as isolated phenomena and practically nothing at all in their mutual interrelations. It is quite certain that we shall never have any substantial scientific basis for the inauguration of a sound program of improving man by better breeding until some such project is put into operation. I believe that our comprehension of the etiology of many diseases and the progress of preventive medicine are almost equally con-

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tingent on such thoroughgoing studies of human biology.

The Obstructionists

Let us return, however, to the question of practicability. The objections of scientific workers to the sort of project for the study of human biology which I have outlined fall into two general categories: distrust of scientific "regimentation" and reluctance of the present generation to embark on studies which will yield results only to the next generation, assuming the latter is disposed to continue the work.*

Excessive organization of science is alleged to produce bureaucracies controlled by politically minded "executives," with a consequent stifling of individual initiative and waste of time and money in the collection by drones of irrelevant or faulty data. "Pork barrel" science, lodged in marble halls and replete with lucrative jobs for the deserving Democrats of biology and medicine is unlikely to solve the problems of human biology. To this formidable objection, there is a simple answer. Keep your institute poor and you will keep it pure. Build no buildings; buy no oriental rugs and massive desks. "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together," and, conversely, where the pickings are slim there will be no high-powered executives. Such an institute for the study of well human beings involves, it is true, the co-ordinated labors of a number of able scientists in different fields; but it does not imply the mass prodigality and general futility of a New Deal.

The other principal category of objections emphasizes the difficulty of setting up a long-time project because of the unwillingness of workers to labor for posterity, the uncertainty of finding an agency or institution of sufficient permanence and responsibility to carry such a project to its fruition, the element of perturbation involved in population changes during the period of study, the impossibility of securing adequate control studies, et cetera. These are, of course, the pusillanimous arguments of the defeatists.

Actually, a continuous study of two or more generations of human beings does not involve the necessity of sitting on eggs for some scores of years until they finally hatch. Only the problems involving heredity require this protracted brooding, and many of them are capable of solution within the period of active observation of a single scientist, since parents and progeny of different ages may be studied simultaneously. Again, it is probable that much of the knowledge of the human organism which we require is obtainable from the mere correlation of different techniques of study practiced simultaneously on the same individuals. Inheritance may be wholly secondary to an understanding of the functioning of the organism as a unit. We have been trying for too long to "dissect out" man's physiology and pathology. By all means let us have a little "shotgun" science; perhaps in that way we shall hit the mark. Singleness of aim may be necessary in some kinds of science, but it does not demand that one draw a bead on the left thirty-second hind leg of a centipede. Again, I have little patience with the "after me the deluge" attitude. Even the United States Constitution has managed to withstand the assaults of politicians for a protracted period, and the human constitution is certainly more resistant.

While composing this screed, I heard a radio news announcement to the effect that a new destroyer, somewhat ineptly christened *Craven*, had just set out on her trial trip from the Fore River yard. It was stated that the cost of building this destroyer was $4,500,000. I do not know what amount is required to keep a destroyer in commission or how long such a craft is in service before it is junked but I do know that for half the cost of the building of one destroyer it would be possible to establish and to maintain, perhaps *in perpetuo*, an institute for the study of well human beings.

Professor L. P. Herrington of the Yale University Medical School has polled scientific opinion on this subject and has communicated to me the details of the objections he has encountered.

Coming soon:

"In Praise of Useless Education"

by George W. Alger

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China Takes Her Stand

by **MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK**

Nanking, October 12

I AM writing this while I sit waiting for the Japanese air raiders to come. The alarm sounded fifteen minutes ago, and I came outside as I always do, to watch the raid and more particularly to observe how our defense is conducted. When the planes arrive, I will write down in order what I see.

It is now two months since Japan started pounding us at Shanghai. During all this time the sufferings of our people have been indescribable. Foreign military experts declare that nowhere in the world, even in Spain now or during the World War, have they seen such pitiless, calculated air bombardment and artillery fire as is being directed by the Japanese on our ill-equipped but gallant soldiers. These experts say that they cannot understand how human flesh can stand what our troops have stood and are standing.

In the World War the air bases were hundreds of miles from the front. Bombers could manage perhaps two trips a day, if not intercepted by a strong force of defense planes. But at Shanghai we now have no planes to oppose the Japanese, and they have to travel only, at the most, five miles back to their base to reload. They just cruise over our lines, dropping their loads en masse, having nothing to do but keep out of range of what little antiaircraft fire we can put up. Perhaps you wonder why we now have no air force to oppose the 400 odd planes which the Japanese have based at Shanghai alone (altogether they have over 3,000). You must remember that China's air force is less than five years old, and several of those years were wasted through lack of experience in handling the new type of weapon.

This caused us to be without adequate air defenses when the invasion came and compelled us to place large orders in America and elsewhere and hope to have them filled as quickly as possible. We knew what to expect from Japan but we never, in our most pessimistic moods, imagined that America —

An Air Raid

NOW I SEE the Japanese bombers coming — "Three — six — nine," cries little Jimmie, who is taken with me because he has eyes like gimlets.

It is now 2:42 P.M. It is a bright afternoon. Above there are cumulus clouds. High above them, orderly mackerel. Three heavy Japanese bombers come through a blue cleft between the piles of cumulus, heading from the north due south. Three more follow. Antiaircraft guns put clusters of black smoke puffs around the first three. Now they are bobbing up about the second three. Here come three more — so there are nine altogether. High above the clouds I hear pursuit planes. The detonations of antiaircraft guns come from all directions. There are flashes of antiaircraft guns away in

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front of me, near the military airfield, which the bombers are heading for. Some of our pursuit planes appear. They have flown behind clouds. The sound of machine-gun fire is now high above me and, above the clouds, the pilots are fighting. The nine bombers proceed in steady progress across the city. They have to keep their line if they wish to hit their objective. The first three are now over the south city wall.

2:46 P.M. Great spouts of flame; columns of smoke and dust ascend. They have dropped several bombs. Then they scatter. Some of our pursuit planes are attacking. North of me a vicious dogfight is going on, which started at 2:34 P.M. All the bombers now are out of sight, in the clouds, but some Japanese pursuits are still being harassed by our fighters.

2:50 P.M. There is a dogfight in the northwest. An enemy plane, with a Hawk pursuit close on his tail, dives fast. He is out of sight behind Purple Mountain. The combatants are sweeping in and out of the clouds. The first three bombers, having dropped their loads, are fast disappearing in the east, bound back to their base near Shanghai. The other six, scattered by the pursuits, are circling in and out of the clouds to the south trying to get a bearing on their objectives.

2:51 P.M. Suddenly to the southwest of the city smoke and flame and dust in great columns appear. Some more bombers have completed their mission.

2:55 P.M. While dogfights are still making the northern welkin rattle with machine-gun fire, other bombers sweep to the south and drop their bombs on the airdrome.

2:56 P.M. More explosives are deposited in the same locality. High in the air, a little to the west there is a dogfight. Another is going on over the city, in full view of all who can see. A Chinese Hawk is chasing a Japanese monoplane. They are looping and turning and diving — and zooming up again. Their machine guns are clattering. The raider seems to have our man; no, he has escaped. They sweep away in wide circles and fly fast at each other again. There is heavy antiaircraft gun fire at the bombers now escaping. The Japanese plane seems to stall in midair. He is hit. The Hawk sweeps round to attack again. The Japanese pauses awhile, then goes into a headlong dive; flames stream out; the doomed machine is heading for a thickly populated part of the city near the south gate. Orange flame, with a long comet tail of smoke, cleaves through the sky. The Hawk flies in circles, watching his enemy crash.

2:58 P.M. Now the raider hits the top of the city, as it were. There is a great burst of black smoke and flame. Then comes yellow smoke — a house is burning. The Hawk still circles, then flies northward where other dogfights are making noises in the sky. In and out of the clouds to the northeast and northwest planes are fighting. These combats have been going on variously from three minutes past three o'clock.

3:10 P.M. One of our planes dives fast, with a great roar. From behind the clouds come three Japanese planes, all attacking him. He has disappeared from view, on his tail a Japanese, plunging like a plummet.

3:17 P.M. There are no planes now in sight. Engines in the distance are just audible. Only a column of smoke, from where the Japanese plane crashed to death in the city, is visible.

3:20 P.M. There is now no sound in the skies. The raid lasted about 40 minutes. So I shall go, as usual, and inspect the damage and find out the score of gains and losses. I drive to where the plane crashed. People are in the streets as if nothing unusual had occurred. Mothers and children who saw or heard a flaming monster roar through the air near them and crash into a house nearby, with a mighty burst of flame, appear as if nothing of moment concerned them. Firemen are at the scene with hose and buckets. The fire is out. Getting through doors to a mass of smoking, charred timber, I am told the remains of the plane are there. It is difficult to find them. I am also told that the badly disfigured head of a Japanese is visible among the charred mass, but I do not look. I am anxious to discover if any of my countrymen have suffered. No one knows. A policeman tells me they will have to remove the debris before they can find out.

On reaching home, I learn that three Japanese planes have been shot down, and two more earlier, in the morning. These two were intercepted and did not reach Nanking. Altogether, nine two-engined heavy bombers (carrying crews of six each) and six pursuits raided the city. Our losses were two forced landings — but four injured pilots, one dead.

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America's Attitude

When I was interrupted by the raid, I was writing that we never, in our most pessimistic moods, imagined that America would place an embargo on shipments of equipment and prevent American instructors' coming to China by refusing them passports. For we are defendants in an undeclared war — a violent, unwarranted, unjustified aggression. Our very life is being strangled from us — there is a blockade of our coast; our railways are being bombed along their whole lengths; and worse than all are the monstrous massacres of our defenseless people that the Japanese are regularly carrying out with their bombing planes. Homes are demolished, scores, hundreds of people are mangled at a time, and hundreds more are wounded. Destruction of railways, machine-gunning of highways and junks, and the consequent stagnation of business is bringing ruin to those who persist in defying the bombings.

Yet, though all this horror threatens the very basis of civilization and though the violent contempt of treaties and codes of international law menaces the foundation of human security, we find America operating to prevent our securing the means to defend ourselves, and, therefore, aiding our enemy to fulfill her threat to beat us to our knees. Is it any wonder that the sight of the champion of justice thus succoring the aggressor and actually encouraging him in his inhuman acts staggered us?

Not only were we amazed at America's attitude but we could do nothing else but feel that we who had loyally adhered to treaties and to the principles laid down in the Covenant of the League of Nations and who had suffered for it by the loss of Manchuria were simply being struck in the face by the great republic whom we had been taught to look up to with respect and, indeed, to emulate. When we saw America yield to the preposterous demands of Japan to respect her blockade by unshipping American airplanes (for which we had paid cash) from American ships at San Diego, can you blame us for thinking that the end had come to all professions of faith in those principles that are deemed to be good and honest and just? That act, in the face of an undeclared war, of an outrageous blockade, of a world-wide declaration that China was to be crushed to her knees, of the infliction of the worst kind of inhuman cruelty on our people over great areas of our country, hurt us sorely.

Fortunately, the contumely which the Japanese heaped on Occidental efforts to see justice done to China, plus the continued inhumanities of the Japanese in various directions, brought the officials of America to a stage where they could no longer shut their eyes to what was going on, and the President delivered a really masterful exposition of America's views. It was belated but nevertheless welcome as evidence of justification for our faith that America could not be a party to the calculated extermination of the Chinese as a nation.

The subsequent statement from the American Department of State drove the nails a bit deeper, we hope, into the coffin of Japan; and we were correspondingly encouraged in our belief that some effort would be made to give deep consideration to our cause, with the object of having treaties respected and so effecting the withdrawal of the enemy from our soil before it should be too late. The enemy accepts the new attitude of America with ostensible disdain, but nevertheless there must be misgivings in high circles in Japan.

In Japan

If the people of Japan knew what was going on in China, I feel sure that the militarists would not be able to continue with warfare — to say nothing of their ruthlessness. They are deliberately destroying Japan's greatest market and they are not letting the people of Japan know anything about it. All radios are censored, as well as all newspapers. All that the people are told is that China has insulted their country, has defied her, and has threatened the lives of Japanese people in China.

At the outset the militarists promised their country, however, that their proceedings would be concluded in China in a week or two and that Japan would be able to reap rich harvests from the militarists' program. How they are going to explain what is happening it is difficult to see. About their failures at Shanghai they say little but they print colorful pictures of the might of their arms against the provincial troops in the north, where their mechanized units have full play. From Japan herself, however, there is no hope of justice until the militarists have been put in their place.

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Have We Free Will?

A Debate

I—Man's Moral Responsibility

***by* CLIFFORD BARRETT**

WHAT IS *man anyhow? What am I? What are you?*

So Walt Whitman phrased the most universal and the most fundamental of all questions. To it, the mechanistic theory offers an answer. Man is one among an innumerable company of living things that inhabit the earth. His life span is brief. His powers are pitifully inadequate to his needs. Continually he finds himself confronted by forces that are greater than his own. They regulate his actions and determine his happiness. They even have shaped his being, body and mind. They provide the possibilities of life and experience — and the certainty of final darkness.

Yet, in man, some senseless whirl of atoms has created a strange creature — a being who not only thinks but who supposes that what he thinks, feels, and strives for really matters. Failing to recognize that his every act and desire is determined by the forces that produced and that sustain him, this creature, man, imagines himself to be free. Supposing that there are things which he *ought* to do, he endures both the censure of his fellows and the remorse of his own "conscience" when he fails to fulfill the "moral responsibilities" that constitute his besetting illusion. In plain fact, he has no moral responsibilities. His thoughts, his emotions, and his supposed "moral choices," like everything else in the universe, are due to causes beyond his control. What he does he must do — and what he does because he cannot do otherwise deserves neither praise nor blame.

Here is a clear reply to the question of what man is. Some of its contentions, furthermore, are beyond reasonable challenge. Man's life *is* short. Frequently, it *is* beyond his power to control the situations in which he is placed. The universe and man *do* operate according to causal law — if *causal law* be taken in its now generally accepted sense in the sciences, that is, as suggesting no *creative* force but only a regular, observable order in the sequence of events. Nor is it to be doubted that inherited capacities deeply affect what we are and may become. The moron certainly is not free to become a Plato, and, within narrower limits than such extremes, physical and mental aptitudes are very real and must be recognized. Further, states of health are closely related to mental

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and temperamental attitudes. If our destiny does not lie in our glands, at least it is likely to be distinctly affected by their behavior. Through language and early training, as well as a persisting fear of social ostracism, established customs and beliefs, concepts and ways of conduct are ceaselessly impressed on us. By no means least important among shaping forces is a too ruthless economic system, on which we are dependent for daily bread itself and the decencies of life, as well as for so many opportunities of action and personal development.

All of this, indeed, must be only too readily granted. But, with full and frank recognition of every dire evil that brings wretchedness and frustration to any human being, the question still remains whether facts and sound thinking actually lead to the mechanist's extreme conclusions. Doubtless, not all of any man's actions are free, and, possibly, not any of his actions is altogether free. Yet, if we consider calmly the facts and then the meaning of freedom and moral responsibility, it becomes apparent, I think, that both really exist and are present in varying degrees in our decisions and activities.

II

It is agreed that human beings possess ideas and that these ideas arise in large part from the necessity of coping with hostile elements in their environment. It is a fact of first importance, furthermore, that reason actually has proved itself a match for senseless forces in the physical world and for numerous forms of oppression in society. Its achievements have been sufficient to encourage all but the most impatient. Long ago, men came to realize that they were not able, by main strength, to destroy many of the forces that opposed their purposes. But they learned, too, that often they might manipulate these forces in such a way as to make them serve chosen ends. Cleverly, new means were discovered for cutting across usual orders of cause and effect. Electricity is deadly, but it can be made to work for us. Smallpox is devastating, but vaccination is possible. Glandular insufficiency may give rise to mental instability, but the deficiency can be supplied, and a normal endocrine balance re-established. The universe *may* be indifferent to our desires, but our desires can make themselves effective in it. We need not merely accept facts. We also may shape policies. There is a power of body over mind, but there is also a power of mind over body. The world in which we live is a complicated field of interacting energies. Purposes, intelligently chosen and acted on, can affect the balance and bring new adjustments which we desire. The motor-driven ship, no less than the sailless and rudderless derelict, must travel seas where winds and currents, storms and reefs need to be taken into account — but the motor ship is not altogether at their mercy. A port of destination may be selected and, barring mishap, it may be reached through intelligent manipulation.

It happens that in man's evolution two notable characteristics are evident. Man has adapted himself to his environment — as was necessary if he was to survive. At the same time, gradually he has transformed the environment to meet his needs and desires — as also was necessary if he was to mature as a *man* and satisfy the demands of his intelligence. To this, every irrigation and drainage project, every cultivated farm, every advance in industry and trade, every step in the development of equitable law and government, every advance in science and education bears witness.

There is a further fact which calls for attention. At one time, numerous observers believed the human mind to be passive. It was compared to an empty cupboard, waiting to be filled, and to a blank tablet, on which experience must write whatever the individual was to know or think. No competent psychologist, of course, would hold such a theory in the light of modern knowledge. The external world stimulates our senses and provides material for thought, but the mind is not passive. Constantly, it selects that which is to receive attention. What comes to it literally as feelings of color, sound, hardness, or other qualities it puts together and interprets as objects and events with meanings and values. Our *experiences* are our reactions to stimuli which the world provides. We react in terms of our own natures, and it is these reactions that determine what objects and events are to be for each of us. Hence the same object or event may hold diverse interests and values for different people. Two brothers may react differently to the same environment and follow widely varied courses

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in life. One man may see in bankruptcy only a cause for utter despondency, while another views it as a challenge for new effort. Only the idiot really takes the world passively as it comes to him — but the idiot, alas, never comes to recognize that it is a world, but only bits of confusion.

To this ever present fact of interpretation in human thought must be added the related facts of evolution and creativity, which always are present in some form in the world. In man's development, there have dawned new powers of thought and appreciation. In addition to physical, chemical, and biological relations, he has become capable of aesthetic, intellectual, and — I venture to add — moral relations. A machine changes, but it never evolves new powers and characteristics. A purely mechanical cause may reshape what exists, but it cannot create anything genuinely new. Essentially, this is an ongoing world. Growth and novelty plainly are characteristics of its history. What we are has been determined in large measure by our own past reactions. Our present responses to situations largely shape our actions. Our actions, in turn, bring innovations into the course of events.

III

With these facts in mind, we may turn to the question of *what actually can be the meaning of freedom*. Mechanism often urges that freedom is impossible because there is no chance in the world. All things have causes, and the law of cause and effect is inexorable. But, if chance did exist, it could not be trusted. In a world of chance, we never should be able to foresee the outcome of any action. Similarly, if our choices represented no well-defined nature of our own but only vagrant and disorganized desires as they flitted through consciousness, we never should have any reason to suppose that the fulfillment of a present desire would yield satisfaction a moment hence. Choice involves preference and a reliable order of things within which one's purposes can be worked out. Preference, in turn, requires that we know what we want — what our natures actually will find most compatible — and it requires a world in which causes and effects are related in a reliable way to one another.

The question of freedom, then, does not ask whether our choices and actions have a cause but what their cause may be. When we ourselves — that which we actually are — are the cause, we are free. For, surely, I should not be free if I were obliged to express *no* particular tastes or interests in my choices — nor would I be free if obliged to express those of some nature that was not my own. The number of possible alternatives in a choice is not paramount. Whether other possibilities are open or not, I am free when I can do the thing which I desire to do. If a boy wishes only to be a lawyer, he is free whether any other occupations are or are not open. On the other hand, though a thousand young ladies hopefully await an invitation from a campus hero, if the chosen one coldheartedly declines, his freedom is limited. There may be many reasons to take account of the factors which have affected what one is; but, as far as freedom at any time is concerned, it is simply the possibility of expressing what, at that time, one really is and desires. Since precisely what anyone ever is or desires may never be fully discovered, freedom may remain limited. Yet it is genuine and, with increased intelligence, it may grow.

Freedom, in this sense of self-determination, involves moral responsibility. In a society where labor is divided and all men, as specialists, are dependent on one another, the absence of some sense of mutual respect of rights and obligations must bring catastrophe. The battle, then, would be to the stronger, in a warfare of all against all. Such a doctrine, practically applied, might seem a godsend to tyrant and exploiter, but to mankind it must mean chaos.

But, regardless of consequences, what are the facts? It is reasonable to treat anything — whether a stone, a dog, or a person — in a manner consistent with its nature. Likewise, to be a reasonable being is to possess the capacity to consider things not only in terms of their physical characteristics, such as size and weight, but also in terms of their meaning and worth. The logical and moral claim of an individual that he possesses certain rights and that these should be respected by other reasonable beings like himself is simply a demand that worth as well as brute force be recognized and that he be regarded as the kind of being he actually is. Now what he is is a being capable of spiritual as well as physical pleasures and pains, a being who can appreciate purposes and achievements, a being who can act rationally

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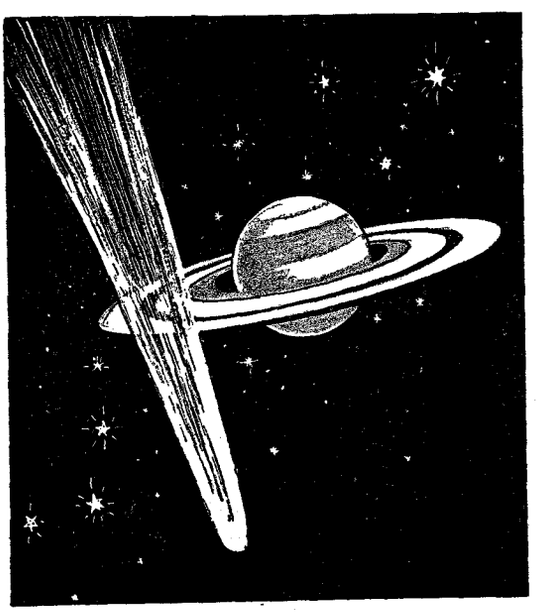
— and reason demands that other intelligent beings recognize these capacities in their dealings with him. *I must* expresses a compulsion of force and circumstance; *I ought* represents the compulsion of an intelligent being's own nature to act in the most reasonable way — that is, in the way which will have the greatest worth. This is to act morally. And to be a morally responsible person is to be one whose decisions and actions are determined not solely by the push of blind forces but, at least in part, by a sense of values. We are morally responsible in so far as our actions are based on our view of the worth of things.

If the manager of a bakery is faced by numerous competent applicants for work and if he selects one whom he knows to be a carrier of an infectious disease, is he not morally responsible? If a citizen votes for a candidate whom he knows to be incompetent and dishonest, rather than for his able and honest opponent, merely because of a promise to have his street repaved, is he not morally responsible? If prison authorities are willfully indifferent to possibilities for more intelligent segregation and treatment of criminals, are they not morally responsible? If a young man or woman wittingly neglects opportunities for self-improvement for no good reason, is there no moral responsibility involved?

What, then, would the mechanist wish to deny in order to maintain his conclusion? Would he insist that our actions cannot influence external events — or would he hold that our purposes can have no effect on our actions? Would he deny that our purposes result from the responses which our minds make to the world around us — or would he believe that our sense of values and our interpretations of things have nothing to do with what we desire and strive for? If the possibility of determining what is to happen by our own sense of what is valuable and desirable is not freedom — will he tell us what freedom would be? If my own sense of its worth and my consequent desire for anything is the cause that brings it about, who or what is responsible for it if I am not? To say that I am its cause, but still not *morally* responsible is to forget that it was no blind force that compelled me to act in the way I did — but rather my own sense of what is valuable and desirable.



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II—If Man Is Free, So Is All Matter

by THEODORE DREISER

MR. BARRETT bases his conviction that man has free will and is therefore morally responsible for his actions on two facts, mainly: First of all, that man has intelligence, reason, and ideas, means by which he is able to manipulate his environment to his own advantage. Secondly, that man fulfills his own being, expresses his own nature. According to Mr. Barrett, the expression of one's own nature is freedom; man is free. Altogether, since man by the use of the above mentioned devices expresses himself and also, by using them, chooses the path of his action, he is morally responsible for the consequences of his acts, is bound to choose "good" rather than "evil," and has based a highly complex social life on the idea of moral responsibility.

Mr. Barrett admits that there are restrictions on freedom. These restrictions depend on a hazily drawn line, an implied separateness between physical and mental causes. This leads to the admission that man has many activities that are not free at all and that he is not even entirely free in any act. If we insert Mr. Barrett's definition of freedom here, that it is *an expression of the intrinsic nature of whatever being*, the above statement is equivalent to saying that man commits many acts not expressive of himself at all and that, in fact, in no act does he express his own nature completely, without restriction. Further than this, Mr. Barrett, by implication throughout, seems to be distinguishing between man and the other species on this earth, as the highly favored recipient of increasing freedom through the growth of intelligence, reason, and ideas. He seems further to be distinguishing between reason, intelligence, and ideas as something opposed to "senseless force" which operates the rest of nature.

When the suggestion was first made for this article, I had intended to base my argument on the more or less familiar mechanistic outline of the causes of human activities as being imbedded in the obviously physical nature of themselves and the obviously physical nature of their environment, picking my supporting facts from modern researches in psychology and biology. However, because of Mr. Barrett's insistence on the nature of freedom as *self-expression*, regardless of the kind of causes which produce the "self," I have decided to devote this remaining space to a discussion of such freedom, with the result, I hope, of proving that freedom on that basis exists everywhere or nowhere. If man is free in this sense, he shares this freedom with the most senseless forces. And, if his moral responsibility depends on the possession of freedom in this sense, then storms, hurricanes, and earthquakes are no less morally responsible. Therefore, do not think that I am evading the issue because I am neglecting to point out certain facts as to the sources of being or to discuss the matter of chance.

II

IN THE FIRST place, if freedom is self-expression, what energy or matter is there in the universe — electrical, chemical, or physical — which is not also expressing itself? An apple falls to the ground, thereby expressing itself as a material object, which intrinsically it certainly is. An element excited to a certain intensity gives off wave lengths of light expressing its special and intrinsic atomic character, peculiar to it and no other. A fish swims, lives in water, dies in air, thereby expressing itself in its fishy character. Mr. Barrett says that a man freely expresses himself if he wants to be a lawyer and is one, regardless of his other possibilities, and that a college hero's freedom is inhibited if, in spite of the numerous other ladies he might choose, the lady of his choice refuses to accompany him to some college festivity. A light ray proceeding from some distant star travels for some millions of miles in its original direction. Then it hits the mirror of some

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astronomer's telescope, and is deflected. How are the examples from the "senseless forces" different from the ordinary procedures of human life? Are we not always expressing ourselves, whether successful or not? Is that not also the very commonest feature of all else in nature — to express itself?

Freedom, in this sense, is nothing other than victory, triumph, survival. And freedom is inhibited by every encroachment on the "original direction," like the "encroachment" of the lens on the light ray or my arm against your fist "willed" to hit me. Is not this the familiar picture of stresses pitted against each other, of waves against the shore, the large fish against the small ones, one species against another, the planets against the sun and each other, a "battle" in which we are all helplessly taking part? We think ourselves free when we are not too much encroached on. Human freedom — how is it any different from, superior to, the freedom which is shared by every other thing?

And now for reason, intelligence, and ideas. I am perfectly willing to admit that humans have such qualities. How else this refutation of their importance? But how connected with our "freedom"? Mr. Barrett implies that these qualities help man to manipulate his environment, to determine what he is, with the end in view of helping him better to express himself successfully, in other words, to triumph over whatever seems to inhibit him. In other words, reason, intelligence, and ideas are not ends in themselves but means to that other end of self-expression. But so are the beaks of birds, the webs of spiders, the tropisms of fish and insects — all are means to the ends of successful self-expression or survival. It makes no difference in this classification of our so-called mental faculty as a means that it serves diverse ends, can manipulate, seem to serve itself. It serves the whole organism. What is expressed, whether by humans' using intelligence, etc. or by other animals' using "instincts," their beaks, claws, etc., is with due regard to the whole organism. This separation of one part of the activities from those of another part is only a seeming separation. In humans certainly and in other animals obviously, there are intrinsic inconsistencies of direction which before any exterior expression can be achieved must fight it out with each other, often to the defeat of any exterior expression at all.

What about the desire for rest and the desire for money? Suppose a man wants very much to spend his time in reading, resting, contemplating; suppose he wants also money, power, etc. Which is his true self? Which choice will be made freely? Will intelligence, reason, or the possession of ideas enable him to distinguish? Certainly not, I say. They can help him to be successful in the one end or the other but they are not the causes of the desires or the judges of them. If intelligence, etc. could make us free, then it would be creative. But it is created, as a means, not an end.

And this is the crux of the whole proposition. Nature is not consistent. Self-expression is not one-directional, and, the more complex the object in question — the more possibilities it has — the less is the direction to be determined by itself. Within us, at least, are basic divergences. And, no matter how clever, how intelligent, how reasoning we are, we cannot do more than serve — that is, react to — what is there already. The creative process works through us. All our causes are out of our hands. We did not make ourselves or anything we see. And the choices that we make involve no more freedom, whether successfully or unsuccessfully expressing ourselves, than do the activities or choices equally of other objects in nature. The very concept of freedom itself, that we can think of it at all, is based on a typical basic inconsistency and limitation of ourselves.

Obviously, man cannot hold in consciousness the causes of his actions, even the more immediate ones. It is only through afterthought, the mechanism called memory, that the complex of causes even occurs to us — and then only partially. And, the less we know of the diversity of causes involved in any single act, the freer we think we are. The very feeling we have of freedom, that comes to us, say, when we order, with plenty of money in our pockets, a particularly appealing dinner, can stay only as long as we do not inquire into its causes. A man will board a train and depart for the place of his choice. He marries the woman of his choice. He picks the friends he wants. He does, in a word, as he pleases — he thinks. He expresses himself. But let him examine closely into the reasons for any of his actions, and his illusion will vanish. He will find himself caught in all his acts, in every "thought," in every evaluation, in a tangled complex of suggestions, neces-

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sities, and compulsions, which can be regarded as free only if they are thought of as isolated from the rest of nature and self-created — which, of course, is nonsense. Whether life defeats him at every turn or whether it seems to fall in with him, there is no freedom for him. And why not so? This is surely no galling fate, for it allows as much satisfaction as we have, minus the feeling of responsibility which the other view tries to force on us.

III

And now we come to the question of moral responsibility. Is a man morally responsible for freedom in the sense of self-expression? If so — that is, if he can be called responsible — then so can all other objects in nature which also express themselves; the lion for instance, when it expresses itself in killing the lamb, should feel guilty, for it has moral responsibility. Also the wind, when it rushes as a tornado; the rain, when it falls and feeds crops or swells rivers.

Yet it is not necessary to have moral responsibility as the basis of social organization. Look at the ants, bees, schools of fish, the temporary families of animals, herds and so on. Certainly there you have social life, carried on for the greater benefit of the individual through the group, to a very successful degree. The ants and bees in fact seem more successful than we in this respect and must therefore be of a considerably greater moral stature. The spiders do moral and immoral things (as *we* see them) but seemingly in order to preserve the spider race, and they do not seem to be aware of our standards. But why not? They are evolved, the same as we are. The same forces that environ them environ us. They hold their young up to the sun to make them grow. They display astounding skills — genius no less, as we see genius. But we say that they have no minds or that consciousness that we have; that we are superior and therefore moral and therefore responsible. But are we? Who is to say that? Mr. Barrett? Or has he heard someone else say it — has it not been historically repeated, and may he not be mechanistically repeating what he has heard? If he had never heard of our so-called *moral law*, our *responsibility*, would he be able to "think" or "speak" of those things? Actually how long do you think that morals and responsibility would remain in their present reality if their administration were left to intelligence, reason, ideas — that is, if chemic responses to exterior and interior stimuli were not in us automatic, not a matter of "will" or "thought"?

Mr. Barrett admits that these human faculties can be used for evil ends as well as good. And what determines the good ends? What enforces them, even so far as they are enforced? Is it not always the threat of punishment, retribution? Do not morals even threaten the basis of freedom, self-expression, according to Mr. Barrett? As I have already pointed out it is possible, as all who have any experience of life must admit, for a person to have within himself two, three, or more compulsions to *be* (what Mr. Barrett would call *will*), each of them incompatible with the fulfillment of the others and perhaps all of them immoral in a social sense. The unfortunate victim of such desires (for even Mr. Barrett could hardly hold a human being responsible for his own generation) expresses himself — perhaps he rapes a girl, perhaps he steals some money or an idea, perhaps he loafs away his life, wasting his talents. Mr. Barrett holds up the awful picture of society divested of moral responsibility. What he is really talking about is a society divested of jails, prisons, stigmas, social distinctions, economic distinctions, insane asylums. I sadly fear that moral sense in the long run — and especially where there are questions of the common good — depends on the continuing existence of such institutions or ones like them. The feeling of guilt is only a reflection of their more concrete reality. For certainly man, even in his most unsocial acts, is expressing himself, just as much as in his most social. And therefore he must be free then, according to Mr. Barrett. And morals plus the concept of responsibility can inhibit even his freedom on which it depends. A sorry picture.

IV

Just in closing I should like to ask this one question. The whole problem of freedom arises — why? Because in many ways we must at once admit we are slaves. Freedom is a relative state. Its realest sense — and the only practical one for us — is just what Mr. Barrett says it is — the least inhibited self-expression. And it is only the simplest logic to concede

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that successful self-expression is common throughout nature. In every conflict there is a victor and a vanquished, the victor free, the vanquished a slave.

If freedom is more than that in our lives, we never experience it. But behind that? It seems to me that true freedom cannot be conceived of in this way. We have never a chance to say what we will be "free" to do. We are born into this world with a heritage of physical and mental being, with internal conflicts set forth from the beginning. The world we are born into we are helpless to affect a priori. What effect we do have must be according to the bodies we are born with, as these contend with what we find here. And after all that is death. No one has successfully answered any fundamental questions as to why all this is. And we can say all we want — that we have free will, that we are responsible, that we have this marvelous mechanism of intelligence — these are just words, and we want to make them into physical effects. Well, the words themselves are physical effects, but they carry conviction and force only, in fact *are* only, as long as they stand out against a whole world of fact that we do and must ignore, because we are merely parts of an enormous and complicated mechanism or process which cannot be defined as good or evil but only in part and at times — and because, again, of unexplained internal conflicts, within ourselves and our particular limitations and ignorance.

In the last paragraph but one of his argument, Mr. Barrett offers four of what he must assume to be irrefutable illustrations of moral responsibility. And they may look irrefutable to some. There is not room here for all four, so I will take at random number two — the voter who votes for the politician whom he knows to be incompetent and dishonest, because the politician promises to have the voter's street repaved. Concerning this, he asks: *Is not the voter morally responsible?* My answer is no — not unless you define the prevailing social opinion or local law as moral; and, again, not unless you assume that the action of the person who does not obey it is based on a conscious or intelligent knowledge or grasp of this current public opinion or law or custom or taboo; and, further, not unless you agree that he agrees that, for reason of benefits received — or to be received — from this public or its agreed-on government, he owes it to it to coincide with or at least to obey its conviction as to the fairness and worth-whileness of the services of the honest candidate as opposed to the dishonest candidate.

But who is to decide that? I, Mr. Barrett, or the voter in question? Why was his street unpaved? And why, under a thoroughly equitable social arrangement, would he feel it necessary to bribe the politician with his vote? Were the executives of his local public all *honest?* Would they have paved his street as quickly as that of another? It is so easy to speak of honest and dishonest politicians. But defining one — taking all his acts and deeds in order — is not so easy. For, speaking of an honest politician, an act of his that might look honest and be honest to one group of men would not necessarily be — let alone look — the same to another. To the poor it might seem just, to the rich, confiscation, or vice versa; to the intelligent, fair and just, to the unintelligent, class legislation as against mass need; and so on.

As you can see for yourself, no hard-and-fast proposition such as this can *intelligently* be propounded. Too many *ifs* are involved, too many mental or temperamental and social angles. Actually the voter might have been right in bribing the politician. It would depend on how necessary the paving of this street was; how long it had been delayed; what losses or deprivations or irritations, if any, it had entailed. In fact, if arrested for bribery, the voter might have been able to prove to a jury that he was justified (by injuries or ills suffered) in agreeing to vote for the crooked politician. Even Mr. Barrett might have been one on a jury to vote not guilty — not because the accused was not guilty of bribery but because to vote not guilty would be the only way Mr. Barrett would have of indicating that essentially equity was on the side of the voter and not on that of the prosecuting public which was seeking to hold him morally responsible. Selah.

As I have done in this case, so I can do in the other three.

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Equal Rights for Men

by **HARRY HIBSCHMAN**

I'M A GALLANT rogue. For almost a century a lot of our women, most of them past the menopause, have been crying for Equal Rights for Women, and many members of my trousered sex have been deriding and belittling their demands. But not I, because to me their slogan sounds alluring. It titillates the ear, it intrigues the mind, and it captivates the heart. It makes a susceptible male revert to the inclinations of an older era and tempts him to buckle on armor and ride forth to break a lance for fair femininity. So I, for one, am in favor of giving the dear ladies what they profess to want; and that, I realize perfectly, is the meanest thing that we can do to them.

What the women seem to overlook is the fact that, as we learned in school, if *a* equals *b*, *b* must also equal *a*. According to their interpretation, equal rights mean getting without giving. They expect to obtain all the rights that men now have and at the same time to retain all the privileges that now adhere in the mere fact of being a female. They ask for identical rights with men on the ground of woman's natural equality but consider themselves entitled to retain all their special advantages on the ground of woman's natural weakness. They ask for equality, but what they really want is equality plus all their traditional feminine prerogatives.

I recently asked a woman long prominent in the movement for women's rights this question: "Since, to use the words of the National Women's Party, 'the women demand the same rights, in law and in custom, as men,' are we to understand that you favor equality so far as the accepted social customs are concerned — that, for example, you no longer expect us males to practice good manners, to step aside and let you precede us into a room or into an elevator or to stand with our hats off while we talk to you on a street corner?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "those things have nothing to do with equal rights. In social matters women will, of course, continue to be women, and gentlemen will continue to observe the social amenities."

Now, I leave it to you — isn't that just like a woman? One moment she claims equal rights with men "in custom" and the next she naïvely reserves for herself all the privileges now possessed by her sex as a matter of social usage. She asserts the right to stand among men with her feet on the brass rail; but, when it comes to "buying one," she folds herself in the tattered cloak of outworn tradition or hides behind the skirts of Emily Post. Yet, obviously, until she learns to say, "The next round's on me," her pretensions of hundred-proof equality remain a gross and ingenuous fraud.

That the women have not yet learned the beauty of the words quoted is clear, not merely from what any curious and scientifically minded male can learn in any barroom by personal observation but also from the highbrow investigations of several groups of professional pundits. Thus a learned report from dear old Yale tells us that women in general are flatly opposed to "going Dutch" with men for meals, theater tickets, and sodas — stronger beverages being, of course, unmentioned; and another issued in Washington, D. C., last summer announces that, of more than 300 women gravely interrogated on this momentous subject, only 3.5 per cent were willing to subscribe to the Dutch-treat code so far as men were concerned. If that isn't sufficient, there is the evidence of Charley, that master mixologist around the corner, who testifies on oath, "Women at the bar! Faugh! They mooch but they never buy. They're nothing but a new breed of damn bar fly."

In short, all this talk of equal rights in law and in custom, is just hooey and blather. The fair ladies simply do not mean what they say.

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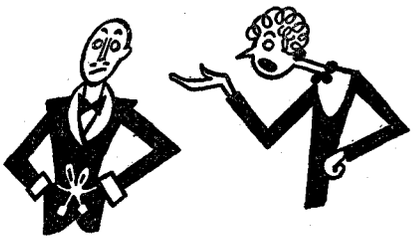
Their real aim is to do successfully what no one has yet been able to accomplish in all the world's history — to eat one's cake and to keep it, too; only in this case it is the man's cake that they want to eat, and they have already bitten more than one sizable chunk out of it.



As it is, the women have all the best of the men, but they are smart enough to make the poor males think otherwise. As compared with their alleged oppressors, the women are sitting pretty. At this very moment they hold one fourth of the country's jobs and own three fourths of the country's wealth. Because of the operation of our inheritance laws and because of the carefully fostered belief that it is the American male's first and primary duty to provide at all costs for his weak and unprotected females, women are right now the beneficiaries under 80 per cent of the country's life-insurance policies, women have in their names 65 per cent of the country's savings accounts, women hold 44 per cent of the country's public-utility securities, and women own 40 per cent of the country's real estate.

Loaded Dice

It is useless, of course, to talk equality so far as the operation of the law is concerned. For neither the law nor the courts can cope with or curb the intangibles or the imponderables of human nature; and, so long as the Lord's creatures remain male and female, as he is reputed to have made them, the pull of sex will play its part to mislead and befool the poor male, whether on the bench or in the jury box. As Dooley said long ago, "The wimmen haven't th' right iv a fair thrile be a jury in their peers; but they have th' priv'lege iv an unfair thrile be a jury iv their admirin' infeeryors." The dice of justice are, therefore, *ipso facto* loaded in favor of the female litigant or supplicant. But that is all the more reason why the man should stand before the bar on an equality with the woman according to the letter of the law. He is completely justified in demanding that at least as written — in its codes, its statutes, and its judicial formulations — the law shall not discriminate against him. The women profess to want no more than that, and the men cannot be blamed for refusing to be satisfied with less.

Why, to begin with, shouldn't single males be placed on an equal footing with single females so far as their relations and legal rights are involved?

At present the different States fix a point in the life of a girl that is known as the age of consent. It is still as low as twelve in one or two States but rises to eighteen in about two thirds of the States. Any male having sexual intercourse with a female under this age is guilty of rape and subject to punishment regardless of his age and regardless of the willingness of the girl or her helpful contribution to the act. Thus in a comparatively recent case a Kansas lad of sixteen was convicted on a charge of statutory rape and sent to the reformatory, although the girl in the case was older than he and just as eager for this esoteric experience. But the law fixes no such protective age limit for the youthful male, and a woman of maturity may induce a mere boy to share her bed and initiate him into the mysteries of sex without incurring the slightest criminal liability, except in those States in which she might be found guilty of fornication.

In some states the law discriminates against the male in this respect so far as the matter of age is concerned in a way that is downright insulting. It presumes conclusively that a boy under fourteen years of age is incapable of committing a sex offense. "Whatever the real facts," said the highest court of Virginia, "evidence to rebut this presumption is inadmissible."

Underprivileged Males

The law discriminates similarly as to the age at which the members of the two sexes may be married. In eight or ten States a girl may be married at the age of twelve, if her parents consent, but a boy must wait till the mature age of fourteen. In a number of States the age for the girl is fourteen while that of the boy runs to sixteen, seventeen, and even eighteen. Marriage without the consent of the parents is permitted for girls at eighteen in

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about two thirds of the States, but boys are permitted to marry at the same age without parental consent in only four States. In all the rest of the States the male must be twenty-one before he is free to marry without such consent, while the female comes under that requirement in only eleven States.

Nor is this discrimination limited to the right to marry. In many of the States the female becomes of age for all legal purposes, except voting, when she reaches eighteen, but the male remains subject to all the disabilities of infancy until he reaches the ripe age of twenty-one. The female, being a woman at eighteen, may, therefore, enter into binding contracts, manage her own property and dispose of it, and make a will three years before the male has the same capacity and right.

The legislature of the State of Wisconsin in 1921, under pressure from bewitching and militant feminine lobbyists, passed a law providing thus:

> Women shall have the same rights and privileges under the law as men in the exercise of the suffrage, freedom of contract, choice of residence for voting purposes, jury service, holding office, holding and conveying property, care and custody of children, and in all other respects.

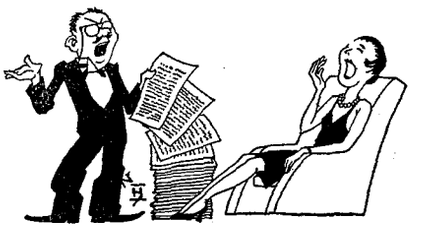
This statute, it will be noted, emphasizes "rights and privileges" but is absolutely silent as to liabilities and responsibilities. In fact it distinctly contains a further provision stating that it shall be so applied and interpreted as not to "deny to females the special protection and privileges which they now enjoy for the general welfare." The result is that, typically, the women make liberal gains but neither assume nor surrender anything. All the discriminations that previously prevailed against the male prevail still, and all the advantages that the female enjoyed before still remain. For example, the male applicant for a marriage license must present a medical certificate stating that he has been examined within fifteen days and found free from venereal disease, but there is no such requirement for the female.

The constitutionality of the Wisconsin act requiring the certificate mentioned was challenged some years ago on the ground that it constituted class legislation; but the State supreme court, admitting that "theoretically" the argument was "sound," overruled the contention and upheld the legislation for the reason that, according to common knowledge and medical evidence, "the great majority of women who marry are pure, while a considerable percentage of men have had illicit relations before marriage."

One of the demands the women are now making is "that a double moral standard shall no longer exist, but one code shall obtain for both men and women." If the darlings really mean that, it hardly becomes them to justify the discrimination of such statutes as the Wisconsin eugenics act on the ground that women are pure and men otherwise. Similar acts are found in at least seven other States.

The Poor Husband

Glaring, however, as are the law's discriminations in favor of single women, they are infinitely more so as between married women and their humble spouses. The wives of today claim the same right to "live their own lives" as their husbands, meaning by that expression the right to have whatever interests they wish outside the home — a position, a business, or a profession — and not to be tied down to the dull and commonplace job of making and keeping a home or of bearing and rearing children. They want to be "emancipated" — emancipated from their homes and their husbands — but they blissfully ignore the fact that the husband, too, may have a claim to emancipation — emancipation from the drudgery of making a living, emancipation from the ceaseless demands of his own household, and emancipation from the chains that the State has forged on his limbs by virtue of his entry into



the marriage bond. If the ancient conjugal rights of the husband and the traditional obligations of the wife are to be consigned to the scrap pile, then logically so must the traditional obligations of the husband and the ancient rights of the wife.

Not content to proceed, as in Wisconsin, by obtaining the enactment of favorable State

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legislation, a strong feminist element in this country is now working for the adoption of an amendment to the federal constitution which is to read as follows: "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and all places subject to its jurisdiction." And at least one congressional committee has already given its approval to the proposal.

While the suggested amendment is manifestly ambiguous, leaving wholly unanswered the question whether, where rights are unequal, they shall be equalized according to the standards in effect for males or according to those applying to females, we men, realizing in how many instances the leveling for us would necessarily be upward, may, nevertheless, give our endorsement to its professed purpose, provided that liabilities be equalized coincidently with rights. As to that, however, the women are strikingly silent; and, if we of the male sex hope to avoid further discrimination and to escape from the feminine subjection under which the law now in many instances places us, it behooves us to bestir ourselves and to do a little agitating and propagandizing of our own.

Platform of the Turning Worm

Venturing, then, by the grace of the editors of this unbiased periodical and my own audacity, to speak for the members of my sex, I propose the following planks in a program for a crusade for Equal Rights for Men. Resolved:

1. That all extralegal advantages and privileges now appertaining to women by the mere fortuity of their sex be forthwith abolished.

2. That all rights and precedents and all duty and deference based on differences of sex be henceforth renounced.

3. That the canons of the social code, evolved in the dead age of chivalry and founded on an obsolete concept of woman as a glorified and superior vessel, be revised so as to put men and women on an equal footing in their private and public relations.

4. That the employment by any female of the allure of sex as a means of attaining business or professional preferment be made a penal offense.

5. That, accepting the dictum of Mr. Justice Sutherland, of the United States Supreme Court, that "it cannot be shown that well paid women safeguard their morals more carefully than those poorly paid," all laws fixing minimum wages for female workers be annulled or repealed or that they be made to apply to men as well as to women.

6. That, since the affirmation of Mr. Justice Holmes, "It will need more than the Nineteenth Amendment to convince me that there are no differences between men and women," is to be rejected and the doctrine that the sexes are equal physically, mentally, and otherwise is to be adopted, all social legislation applicable to women alone, including the maternity and mothers' pension acts, be abrogated or its benefits and protection be extended to both sexes alike, with special compensation to Dad for his fatherhood.

7. That all laws fixing an age of consent, an age of majority, or an age point for any other purpose whatever be applied without discrimination to males as well as to females and that the age set be the same in all cases for both sexes.

8. That women be compelled to answer, both civilly and criminally, for sex offenses, when the elements of the crime are established, precisely to the same extent and in the same manner as men.

9. That actions for breach of promise to marry be abolished entirely or recovery limited to actual expenditures made in preparation for the marriage or, in the alternative, that the man be given exactly the same relief in case of the breach of such a contract as the woman under similar circumstances and that he be entitled particularly to a return of all presents made to the woman, including the engagement ring, and be reimbursed for all money expended on the woman in the course of the courtship.

10. That all the conditions imposed on the man seeking a marriage license be made to apply with equal force to the woman, discrimination in this respect being both an indignity and an injustice.

11. That the correlative rights and liabilities of husband and wife be made equal.

12. That, where the wife has separate property or a separate income or follows some remunerative pursuit outside the home, the husband be released from the primary and exclusive duty of providing for her support and that she be made jointly liable under the law for the maintenance of the family in proportion to her financial ability.

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13. That, where the parties prior to their marriage enter into an agreement fixing the family domicile, settling their respective property rights, and naming the amount of financial support the husband is to give the wife or releasing him from all liability in that respect, such agreement be made legally binding and enforceable and not subject to arbitrary repudiation or revocation, as, for instance, on the ground that the wife is entitled to a "home of her own."

14. That, if a wife exercises the right, claimed for her by the feminists, of selecting a residence other than that of her husband, the burden of maintaining it fall exclusively on herself.

15. That the husband shall not be subject to suit for any unlawful act of the wife, except where under the law he would be responsible were she some other person, and that she alone be made answerable for her own torts.

16. That all legal presumptions that the wife in committing a criminal offense acts under coercion from her husband be definitely discarded and that a married woman be held responsible under the penal code exactly as if she were single.

17. That within the home — with reference to the family policies, the family standard of living, and the upbringing of the children — the husband have an equal voice and equal authority with the wife.

18. That, where the wife does not contribute to the maintenance of the family, she be compelled faithfully and efficiently to perform her duties as the keeper of the home and that, since the law has taken away from the husband his ancient right to enforce such performance with a stick no thicker than a thumb, it now furnish him some other legal means of compelling it.

19. That, in proceedings involving the custody of children, the old dictum, "The child needs its mother," be permanently disavowed and the husband given equal consideration with the wife in reaching a determination.

20. That in case of separation or divorce the husband be relieved of all financial obligation to the wife where she has independent means or an independent income and that, where he is required to contribute to her support, the amount be fixed not according to the standard of living established by him but according to that to which the wife was accustomed before her marriage to him or by a just averaging of the two but that, in any event, imprisonment for nonpayment of alimony in any guise be absolutely abolished.

21. That, unless the wife is ill or physically or mentally incompetent, all payments for separate maintenance or alimony, except such as are to be made for the benefit of minor children, cease within a limited, stated time — say two years — after the entry of the decree and in all cases come to an end if the wife remarries, regardless of the financial status of her new spouse.

22. That the wife be held liable for separate maintenance and alimony, according to the circumstances, precisely the same as the husband.

23. That, since husband and wife are no longer one, each be made answerable, both civilly and criminally, for any wrongful act against the other, just like two strangers, so that, for example, it will be a criminal offense, as it is not now, for a wife to raid her husband's pockets.

24. That women be made liable for jury duty on the same conditions as men and excusable only for the same reasons.

25. That the law in general quit making a pet of the female and begin to mete out even-handed justice between the sexes, holding fair women offenders, especially husband killers, liable exactly the same as men offenders and imposing on them the same penalty.

Heaven Forfend!

"America," recently boasted a national woman's organization in a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times*, "is not a Democracy. It is a Matriarchy."

While exaggerated, that assertion in its implications forecasts the fate that awaits the masculine portion of our population, unless it awakes from its lethargy. Already its subjugation is well under way, and, given time, our women, like those of ancient Egypt, will require the men to agree in the marriage contract to obey their wives and will rule the house and the family with despotic power. The program outlined above may be sufficient to save us, if we act boldly and unitedly before it is too late. But, if we don't, our destiny seems certain — to live in a woman-made, a woman-owned, a woman-ruled, and a woman-ruined world.

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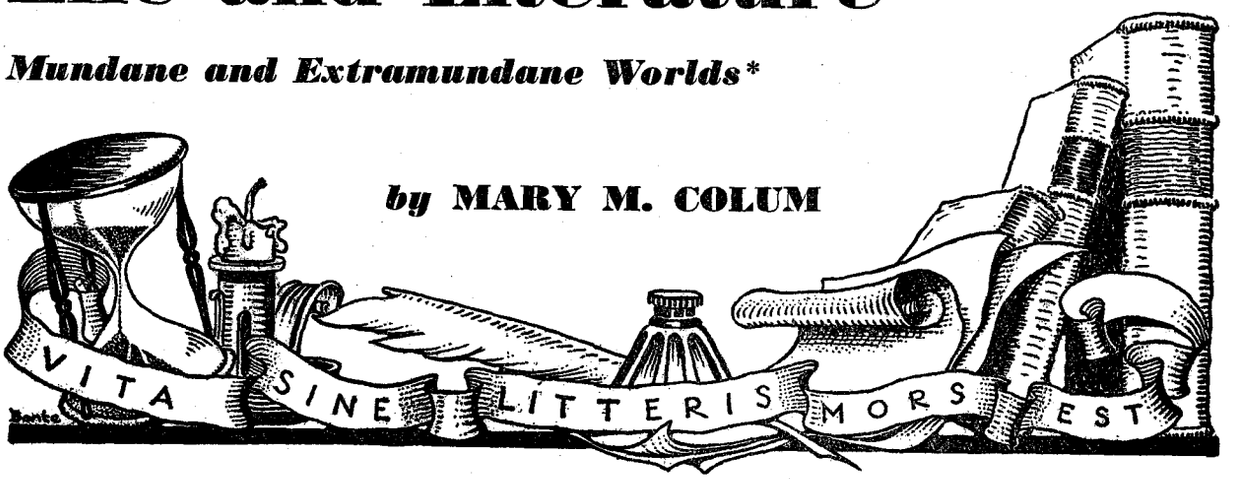
Life and Literature

*Mundane and Extramundane Worlds**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

A VAST INQUIRY has been going on for the past 40 or 50 years into both the nature of the objective universe and the nature of the mind that beholds it. Sir James Jeans, in an address to the British Association three years ago, said:

> It may seem strange, and almost too good to be true that nature should, in the last resort, consist of something we can really understand, but there is always the simple solution available that the external world is essentially of the same nature as mental ideas. . . . What remains is, in any case, different from the full-blooded matter and forbidding materialism of the Victorian scientist. . . . Modern physics has moved in the direction of philosophic idealism.

The result of this vast inquiry is a conception of the objective universe as different from Newton's as Newton's was from Dante's. We are in a new era, but one has to ask: Is there any expression of this conception in contemporary literature? We are always hearing at radical writers' conferences and such places that literature should be the expression of the age. But the very people who make this point have not taken the trouble to comprehend what is new in the age at all or what our age is likely to stand for to future generations.

Is there any sign of any conception different from mid-nineteenth-century materialism and determinism in Ernest Hemingway's recent novel *To Have and Have Not?* Not at all, though Ernest Hemingway is considered our most advanced novelist and is put forward as an indubitable expresser of the age. While he has written, in *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*, two remarkable novels, he shows in his newest book that he is retrograding rather than advancing. This retrogression may be due to several causes; one may be (as some of his critics say he has shown recently) that intellectually and emotionally he has come, perhaps temporarily, to a standstill. It is risky to make a statement of this kind, though of course it may be true.

But what is certain about Ernest Hemingway is that his literary philosophy is old-fashioned: it belongs not to the twentieth but to the nineteenth century; it is not a new expression — certainly in this latest novel it is not new. At the same time Ernest Hemingway has a technique that must be called modern — a way of observing that is peculiarly his own, with a power of getting on a page snappy and revealing dialogue that is certainly modern enough. His first two novels convinced many of his readers that here was a novelist who might make discoveries in his art, who might even be able to reveal something of life that was not revealed before. But, like certain other contemporary writers, he has not taken his art quite seriously enough. His well-known interest in bullfighting, in sport, in war, his equally well-known admiration for the hairy-chested man do not do a thing for Hemingway the artist. For art demands a psychic virility, a growth of mind, that develops from a many-sided communication with life. A writer does not grow if he has not acquired the power of meditating.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* To Have and Have Not, *by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner, $2.50);* Extra-Sensory Perception, *by J. B. Rhine (Humphries, $2.50);* New Frontiers of the Mind, *by J. B. Rhine (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50);* An Experiment with Time, *by J. W. Dunne (Macmillan, $2.75);* Beyond Normal Cognition, *by John F. Thomas (Humphries, $3.50);* Katie Fox, *by W. G. Langworthy Taylor (Humphries, $3.00);* Immortality, *by W. G. Langworthy Taylor (Humphries, $3.50);* We Live Outside Our Bodies, *by Wilson Gill Bailey (Dorrance, $2.50).*

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A number of writers who have refused to try and find out what their art really demanded of them are now, in every country, in middle age, trying to save their souls by getting into radical and revolutionary movements. God alone knows how many writers are rushing into Spain to get away from the haunting thought that they have sunk in a rut or wasted their powers. Maybe Ernest Hemingway was in a better position as an expatriate than he has been as an American resident: the characters in his international novels showed themselves capable of some deep spiritual and emotional experience, but the characters in his latest novel are all (whether they are amongst the Haves or the Have Nots) gangsters, without any affectivity, with a monstrous concentration on what they can grab — whether in sex, drink, or the goods of the earth. They are all acquisitive; they stop at nothing to get what they want. If the ordinary citizen, whether belonging to the Haves or the Have Nots, lived on such a level and with such exclusive intentness on physical possessions and desires, the only thing left for governments to do would be to build fewer homes and more and larger prisons and asylums.

Of the spiritual vacuity and degradation expressed in so much contemporary writing and of the confusion in so many writers' minds between realism and reality people are getting tired to death. While the literary aesthetic that nothing in life should be alien to literature is at least as salient as any other, the unbalanced concentration by many writers on physiological functions, on crude forms of sex expression, on subhuman occupations produce such a lopsided picture of humanity that all sense of reality is destroyed. This sort of writing is forcing the ordinary reader to welcome with avidity any book that deals with the interior life in any way at all. Nobody can doubt that there is going to be an increasing interest in every sort of writing that deals even in inadequate ways with the life of the spirit, for people in the modern world are starved for such expressions. The wheel of time has made another revolution, but our naturalistic-realistic novelists appear either to be unaware of it or to be angrily and bitterly trying to push it back to where it was.

Scientific Psychic Research

The interest in Professor J. B. Rhine's investigations into what he has termed extrasensory perception is now extended to a general public; the danger is that this public is a little too general and that we will soon have parlor games with cards testing everybody's E.S.P. and that cold-cream advertisers or rubber-tire manufacturers may ask Professor Rhine or some of his students to perform over the radio, with the audience telephoning in its reactions at intervals — in short, we may have an E.S.P. Amateur Hour.

If you have a loaf of bread, said Mohammed, sell half and buy the flowers of the narcissus. At the present time there are numbers of people who are willing to sell the philosophies that they thought they lived by for any symbol of extramundane life. For this reason, among others, such experiments as Professor Rhine's will attract an interest that is far from scientific and detached. That there is such a thing as extrasensory perception (that is, perception outside the ordinary channels of knowledge, which are in the senses) very few people will deny. But, to quote Waldemar Kaempffert,

> until telepathic and clairvoyant effects can be produced at will, varied, checked again and measured, no sensible scientist will be convinced that extrasensory perception is an established fact.

Quite so, and the value of Professor Rhine's books, *Extra-Sensory Perception* and *New Frontiers of the Mind*, is in the recorded experiments which have been checked and measured. At the same time one must make a protest. One would like to ask the "sensible scientist" if he really thinks that high or rare powers of the mind — and extrasensory perception must be a high power — can be produced at will and then scientifically measured.

Could, for example, a composer like Richard Strauss or a poet like W. B. Yeats produce samples of his musical or poetic power at will and in a way that scientists could note, check, measure? An Eddie Guest might be able at will to give samples of his versifying abilities, or a crooner-composer of his rhythmical ones. Persons with a mechanical talent and a good mechanical command of it might be able to display at will samples of their power that could be checked, varied, checked again, and measured. I am quite willing to believe in the existence of extrasensory perception — it is, after all, not uncommon — and in the carefulness of Professor Rhine's experiments. But is the nature of the extrasensory power that can be

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measured of great value? And is it not acquiescing a little too much in the demands of the man in the street who, no matter how much his own personal life may be guided by unreasoning emotions and prejudices, the minute there is any question of some privileged attribute of mind, demands at once the facts, proofs, utilitarian possibilities?

Nevertheless, it is easy completely to sympathize with Professor Rhine's insistence on scientific proof of all extrasensory powers, such proof as would satisfy the man in the street, for how else can we avoid deception and even self-deception? What he has succeeded in measuring is very slight, but its value is in the fact that he has succeeded in measuring it and has put this extrasensory experience in a scientific frame.

Like many of Professor Rhine's students, I have some telepathic power, even some precognitive power, but I am very dubious about its value. I can, for example, get a limited amount of what is passing in another person's mind, but, as any mind is made up of so many disparate layers, the little bit I am able to get is a very poor guide to the complex whole. Unconsciously I am inclined to base my estimate of a person's thought on the little amount I am able to telepathize, whereas, as a matter of fact, I could get a truer estimate if I based my perceptions on a general experience of human nature instead of a momentary intense telepathic impression. What precognitive power I have comes through waking images of the sort where one sees oneself in certain situations; it is so wrapped around with imagination and daydreaming that when the dimly foreseen event takes place it has always turned out to be the part of the image to which I paid the least attention.

Perception and Deception

J. W. Dunne, the airplane designer who wrote *An Experiment with Time*, had a remarkable precognitive faculty. In dreams he had foresight of events which afterward took place — but always a little differently from the way he had foreseen them. He saw in sleep the terrible disaster of Mount Pelée before it happened and he saw certain other things of less sensational interest. Fearing that he might be abnormal in some way, which nobody wants to be, he asked some friends to keep records of their dreams and he found that they, too, when they took the trouble to remember and record, showed some powers of foreseeing. The conclusion he arrives at in the most interesting book to date on extrasensory perception is that time is not a linear dimension made up of past, present, and future but that present, past, and future exist all together in another dimension which intersects our linear one and to which nearly all of us at one time or another have some access.

Still, it is well to be critical of all such powers; they can easily be deceiving. Moreover, they can easily be simulated. Men are easily led to believe that their wives have some strange psychic powers. I have known three women who succeeded in keeping their husbands in complete thralldom by giving them accounts of their clairvoyances, telepathizings, prophecies. One contrived to open her husband's mail before it reached him and was consequently able to read off in mystic writing on a wall details which he supposed unknown to her, such as that he was being privately offered a diplomatic post in the East and that he had a correspondent with such and such initials who was very harmful to him. He was so ready to believe in her powers that, even when he came on her opening a letter of his in an expert manner, his faith was not seriously impaired. Another believed that his wife had such communications with ancient sages that almost anything she said while in a pseudotrance had a profound inner meaning. A third was guided by his wife's waking visions. These three men are all very distinguished — any of my readers would recognize their names if I mentioned them — and yet they were all willing to allow themselves to be fooled thoroughly by the pretended powers of commonplace women who, finding themselves married to unusual men, felt that as compensation they had to lay claim to some mysterious power, the psychic being the readiest. Still, the fact is that women more generally than men appear to have psychic powers — call them powers beyond normal cognition or extrasensory perceptions.

The Meaning of Mediumship

Beyond Normal Cognition consists of mediumistic material; it is arranged by Dr. John F. Thomas of Detroit, and it relates how he received information about his dead wife

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from extraordinary women mediums (*sensitives* is the name he prefers to give them) with whom he himself had no direct connection. He was an unknown personage to them. His book deals with more dramatic material than do Professor Rhine's *Extra-Sensory Perception* and *New Frontiers of the Mind*, but in Dr. Thomas' case, too, the experiments were scientifically controlled, and the material examined by Professor Rhine and Professor McDougal.

Dr. Thomas, like many other people interested in psychical research, wanted to get into communication with his dead wife, but he makes no pretense of believing that what the mediums told him really came from the world beyond; he merely claims that what he was told showed extraordinary extrasensory perception on the part of the mediums, and in this fair-minded readers will agree with him. The mediums were able to inform him of an array of things that were known only to him and his wife. But all the things that the mediums in their trances reported were trivial, everyday; there was nothing that one might expect to come from a disembodied intelligence, nothing at all that one might look for as coming from somebody who had passed into a world of immortality. What they show is that certain persons, mediums, have extraordinary powers of telepathy or clairvoyance or both; they convince us that the old belief in oracles, prophets, and seers was not so far astray as the rational intellect would force us to believe.

But of survival after death and hope of immortality has there been any proof at all, has there been any certainty given, outside the revelation of religions? This is the type of information that Dr. Thomas' mediums communicated — it is given as record L. 1349:

> "Face? Face? Haven't quite got this. Has he had a bit of jaws' ache, because she went like this, look! as if she is rubbing her face here. It has been something that annoyed him, like that. She was going like that, as if he was feeling his face what you call carefully. Like something uncomfortable or painful at the side of his face."
>
> [Note] I had had for about two weeks a trifling abrasion and sore spot back of the lobe of my right ear. To an observer it would look as if I were feeling the jaw. With first or second finger on the spot, the right hand covers the jaw.

All that this proves is that a person of acute telepathic power was able to get into communication with the upper layer of the mind of another person. In fact, what the whole book goes to prove is that persons of such perception are able to get some not very profound memories about a dead person from the mind of a living person. Nevertheless, *Beyond Normal Cognition*, based as it is on experiments scientifically controlled — it was presented as a thesis for a doctorate in psychology — establishes the fact that persons with high psychic endowment can penetrate another's consciousness and that space offers no hindrance to such activity — the medium in London wrote down the information that was in the mind of the person in Detroit. The illumination of this book is in the conclusion:

> Irrespective of which way the balance may ultimately incline, however, the results of psychical research favor an interpretation of the universe that views it as something other than "aimless cosmic weather," and that afford all those who think that there are ultimate non-material values at the heart of things an increasingly broadening base of evidence. Through surveys, such as that now concluded in this book, our views of human personality, its nature, its potentialities, and possibly its destiny, are opened to ever widening horizons.

The Strange Case of Katie Fox

Compared with Professor Rhine's and Dr. Thomas' records of scientifically controlled experiments, the revelations of a medium of the 'seventies and 'eighties named Katie Fox, which are published in a couple of volumes, read like daydreamings. Katie Fox was one of three sisters who all claimed to be mediumistic. At one stage in their career, one of the sisters repudiated her communications, and Katie, whose revelations are so ardently believed in by their editor, Dr. Langworthy Taylor, appears to have agreed that some of them were fraudulent. Whether everything communicated was fraudulent or not, it has to be said that the bulk of the stuff now published is obvious nonsense, obviously springing from the imagination of a hysterical woman for the benefit of very credulous people. The Fox communications were made between 1869 and 1898 to a man and his wife (the parents of W. G. Langworthy Taylor, who has edited the records and arranged the volumes) who had lost two children and who lived emotionally on the communications which Katie brought to them from other relations of theirs and from Benjamin Franklin. The way the family would withdraw to a room several times every week for the purpose of hearing or seeing Katie's per-

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formance is in itself an instance of extranormal behavior. How could people have so little interest in anybody in the world except themselves, their offspring, and their relatives? As a study of an elementary stage of culture, of a closed society riddled with superstition, the Fox-Taylor records deserve the attention of some anthropologist.

The world beyond that Katie glowingly gave revelations of was a replica of this one and was mid-Victorian. She did automatic writing, and the following is a sample of a communication from a relative in the other world:

> My Dear Sarah,
> How beautiful the morning is, nothing to complain of but your own feelings and I see that Em feels heavy. Go to church, Em, or ride and you will come back feeling better. . . . I wish you to meet tomorrow for directions. . . . Katie will come tomorrow by eleven when I am ready to give directions.

There is quite a staggering revelation that came through Katie about Grandma. When Grandma died, Grandpa married again, and there was much curiosity as to what would happen in the other world about Grandpa's two wives, for, of course, the imagination of no one present went beyond the conception of domesticity. What Katie revealed from the other world was that Grandma had acquired another partner there, but that, just the same, she was preparing a little home for Grandpa. There were drawings transmitted from the other world of which photographs are given in the record. There is one of Grandma and little Leila: one sees the flowing garments, the loosened hair decked with rosebuds which was the ideal of female charm in the 'seventies.

Then there are communications from Benjamin Franklin. When he was asked for advice about a business in Michigan that was worrying the family, Benjamin shed all his eighteenth-century clearness and became mid-Victorian in his evasiveness:

> My dear children, I am here to give you advice. Were the western case mine I would most certainly arrange matters so that the lawyers would be done with it. . . . I would have it ended. I will require a little more time. . . . Now have faith, and in your soul call on your father.

The credulity of all the persons concerned is staggering. This is not to say but that Katie Fox was an excellent telepathetic and maybe a clairvoyant. But her revelations as far as they concern the other world are nonsense.

The editor of these records has also written a book entitled *Immortality*. There are wise sentences in this book, but in its present incoherent form only the hardiest readers could get through its 600 pages; the author writes about everything from Mayan civilization to the process of supplying the market with information. Dr. Langworthy Taylor would be well advised to limit himself in his future treatises.

There is one thing evident from the Fox-Taylor records, and that is that the mind of some human beings has a power of controlling matter which is at present inexplicable and which only scientifically controlled investigation such as is recorded in Professor Rhine's and Dr. Thomas' books will elucidate. It really appears that the sound of a harp was produced during a seance; it was supposed to display to the mother the progress one of her dead children was making in harp lessons in the other world. Now what powers were in Katie Fox that enabled her to produce this effect?

In another book on psychical material, Dr. Wilson Gill Bailey's *We Live Outside Our Bodies*, there is excellent criticism of mediumistic efforts by a man who believes in life outside the body. Of the medium's supposed communication with the dead, he writes:

> Instead of receiving a message from a dead relative or friend, we may merely be listening to the ranted inhibitions of an unstable mind.

He also says that "here and there we obtain genuine evidence that death is not death, merely transition, that we live again." Now, if, apart from religious belief and religious revelation, there is such evidence obtained under properly controlled conditions, why cannot this be presented to us in some concise way?

Among the interesting ideas in *We Live Outside Our Bodies* is the theory that the mind is a radiation of rays from the brain and that these rays, once they come into existence, survive all vicissitudes and after death are still capable of energy. *We Live Outside Our Bodies* is on the whole a level-headed book, and, as I foresee that we are in for a wave of books on the psychic, let us hope that the publishers will take care to bring out only books that are level-headed and sober-minded and only books by men of scientific training. The account of his own experiments given by Dr. Wilson Gill Bailey were not sufficiently controlled to satisfy an exacting mind.

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Can We Afford Children?

by **PAUL POPENOE**

LIKE MOST other civilized countries, the United States is no longer producing enough children to take the place of those who die.

The number of babies born last year was half a million less than the number born twenty years ago when the population of the country was much smaller. As the women now of childbearing age pass from the scene (a matter of fifteen or twenty years at the most), there will not be enough daughters to replace them, and each succeeding census will show a smaller total population.

Already the nation is dying at the roots, for there are today fewer children in the first years of school than there were before the World War.

Educated people, who want their children to have as many advantages as possible, have limited their birth rate most sharply. The two-child family is now virtually standardized in this class, producing about half enough children to replace its own numbers.

Unfortunately, the feeble-minded and the dependent have not exercised the same restraint. The largest families nowadays are born to parents on relief. In general, the most children are born in homes that can give them the fewest advantages, whether in inheritance, in training, or in culture. The fewest children are born in homes that could give children the best start in life.

Some California figures published by the Institute of Family Relations are merely typical of what is happening elsewhere. The family that sends a child to the State university averages two living children. The family that sends a child to the State home for the feeble-minded averages five living children. The family that has been dependent on the Los Angeles County charities for more than five years and beginning in 1929 or earlier — that is, during boom times — also averages five living children, of whom the last two have been born since the parents went on relief.

With such birth rates, how many generations will it be before a large part of the population of California can produce children able to qualify for the State hospitals or county charities but not for the universities?

The main reason why white-collar parents do not have more children is too familiar to be worth discussing. They feel that they cannot afford to have more children. Most readers know from observation, if not from their own experience, that this feeling is not delusional.

Any solution of the population problem must therefore involve, at the outset, some equalization of the economic burdens of childbearing. This means a redistribution, in effect, of the nation's wealth along at least three different lines.

EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK

1. THERE MUST be a redistribution of wealth as between those who have children and those who have none. "The family is the foundation of society," but society has allowed a wage system to grow up which is not compatible with the existence of the family.

Much of the difficulty is associated with the fallacy involved in a slogan that is still widely popular: *Equal pay for equal work.* Just what does this mean?

Take a hypothetical case. The trustees of School District No. 35 must find a principal for their high school. The salary is fixed at $3,000 a year. If a bachelor or an unmarried

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woman without dependents gets the job, he or she actually gets $3,000 a year. But suppose a man with a wife and four minor children is awarded the position. Then he does not get $3,000 a year but $3,000 minus the cost of supporting a wife and four children, which will amount to a large fraction of the total.

Suppose for the sake of argument that it costs a man 20 per cent of his salary to support a wife and 15 per cent (some economists estimate it as high as 22 per cent) of his salary to support a minor child. Then the principal of this high school must set aside 20 per cent plus $4 \times 15 = 60$ per cent, or 80 per cent of his salary altogether, to support his family. So he actually gets 20 per cent of $3,000, or $600, a year for the same work which pays the bachelor $3,000.

Is this equal pay for equal work? Obviously not. It is the rankest kind of injustice, both economically and socially. It has grown up through our fixing attention on the face value of the pay check and ignoring what this pay check will buy. If the real wage, that is, the standard of living, is considered — and that is the only thing that counts — the present system insures grossly unequal pay for equal work.

Consider the results of this system a little further. For every baby the principal and his wife bring into the world, society is in effect deducting fifteen per cent from their salary, because they have fifteen per cent less for ordinary expenses than they had previously. This is a heavy penalty for the crime of parenthood, and it would be strange if such a penalty did not act as a deterrent.

If the principal and his wife decide not to have a baby this year, then society is paying them a bonus of fifteen per cent of the annual salary for not having a baby — if I may be allowed to use arithmetic so paradoxically! A bonus of that size is a real inducement, and it is not surprising that the two-child family has become standardized among college graduates.

The fact that this disastrous system of bonuses for sterility and penalties for childbearing is practically universal in the United States has been concealed by the habit of looking only at the face value of the pay check and ignoring the existence of a real wage. It has been fostered by emotional and political pressure, particularly for unmarried women, for "equal pay for equal work" in a sense which makes it a grim joke.

If educated couples are to bring up families without being punished for it, there must be a revision of this system and a provision in some form for a "family" wage which will more nearly equalize the economic position of the fertile and the sterile.

The idea of a family wage is not new. John Wesley started his Methodist ministers out under it 200 years ago. Millions of European workingmen now live under a somewhat imperfect form of it. Let me illustrate how it might be applied by returning to my hypothetical school district.

A basic salary would be set for the position of principal of the high school. Suppose it were $2,000 a year. This would be paid to anyone, male or female, married or single, who could qualify for the job.

Then, if the successful candidate had a wife, he would be entitled to an additional allowance, of, say, 20 per cent of the basic pay, for the support of his wife. Thus, the married man would receive $2,400 a year for the job which paid a bachelor $2,000. He would actually have not a cent more to spend, so the real wage for his equal work would still be equal.

If he also had minor children, he would be entitled to an allowance of, say, 15 per cent of the basal salary, for each such child. Thus the man with a wife and four children might receive $3,600 a year for the same job that paid a bachelor $2,000. Yet he is not getting an advantage over the bachelor, since the purchasing value of the pay check is the same in each case, taking into consideration the number of dependents to be supported from it; and the standard of living of the two is therefore the same.

A bonus of fifteen per cent of the annual wage for each child would not tempt an educated couple to try to produce children for revenue only. The allowance would merely cover what the parent was actually out of pocket, so that he would be no better off financially if he had ten children than if he had only one. On the other hand, he would be no worse off. If he wanted to indulge a natural biological inclination toward parenthood, he could do so without being punished for it. No one would be bribed to have babies, but no one would have

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to forgo children unwillingly, merely because of prohibitive expense.

Avoiding Discrimination

The objection at once occurs that no employer would hire a family man if he could get a bachelor for perhaps half the price. This difficulty is obviated by the equalization pool, an integral part of the selective family wage and one which can be best understood by pursuing the same illustration one step further.

Suppose that in the State of Massachusetts there are 100 high schools of about the same size and justified in paying about the same salaries. These are formed into an equalization pool, paying their principals $2,000 a year each, with the family allowances suggested above. The local board then hires the best principal it can get for the money. It does not ask about his marital or parental status; it asks merely: Is this the best principal we can find? The principal is not paid directly by the local board but by the office of the equalization pool in the State department of education at Boston. It pays a bachelor $2,000, a man with a wife and four children $3,600. Then it debits the local board not with the amount actually paid but with one one-hundredth of the total payroll of the pool. Thus each board pays exactly the same amount for its principal — say $2,900, just for the sake of illustration — though the principals themselves get widely varying amounts.

The selective family wage, as here described, could be applied without much difficulty to many large groups in the white-collar class — the teachers, clergymen, and civil-service employees, for instance. Army and navy officers and foreign missionaries have long since enjoyed something of the sort. Experience of a quarter of a century or more with its application on a large scale to European industry shows that there are no difficulties in the way of including other workers — indeed, the first great and successful application was by the private initiative of the steel corporations in France.

It is true, of course, that the unmarried person may have dependents; but with a general acceptance of the selective family wage these problems of family dependence would gradually become less. Several colleges have already applied the system to their faculties and make an allowance for a dependent parent as well as a dependent child.

The purpose of the selective family wage is not to evaluate the children of the community and say that one is worth more than another. It is merely to equalize the existing pressure on families and thereby to neutralize the economic motive for childlessness. This motive can be neutralized only by making the allowance equivalent to the actual cost in expenditure and savings incurred, on the average, on behalf of each child in the group. The purpose is merely to ensure that educated people will not have to sacrifice their own standard of living and deprive their children of necessities, in order to bear and rear children that will prevent the nation from actually perishing.

The Underprivileged Young People

2. There must be a second redistribution of the nation's wealth as between the young and the old.

The growing preponderance of the aged, an inevitable result of the birth of fewer children, has already led to widespread attempts on the part of the elderly to make themselves more comfortable at the expense of the young. The most widely advertised economic cure-all of recent years proposed, in effect, to distribute one half the entire national income each month among the one eighth of the population that needed it least — those over 60 years of age.

The necessary redistribution must be made in the opposite direction, though it will not be easy to bring about. The young should have higher salaries, proportionately, in order that they may marry and have children. This will probably involve lower salaries proportionately for the old. The American custom tends to keep young people on a small income during their early years, when they are struggling to bring up a family, and gives them more money late in life when their children are no longer an expense. A firm of lawyers thinks it is doing a superior and highly educated young man a favor by taking him into the office at $10 a week, with the assurance that 30 years later they may pay him $10,000 a year. He needs some of this money now, so that he can marry and have children, even if he has to pay for it by getting only $5,000 a generation later.

The inadequate salaries often paid to young people are not only a social injustice but an

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important factor in maintaining the present system by which "the large families live in small houses, the small families in large houses." Any economic changes that help to remedy this injustice will help to ensure national survival.

Giving the Farmer a Break

3. A third redistribution of wealth must take place between the city and the country.

Cities are and in all ages have been destroyers, not producers, of population. They never produce enough children to perpetuate themselves. They live and grow at the expense of the farms.

Each year, for a long time past, the American farmers have contributed to the cities at least 1,000,000 children. They raise these children at their own expense, paying cash for them out of their almost empty pockets, and then donate them to the cities.

Suppose it costs the farmer $150 in cash each year — a low estimate — to raise a son or daughter and that he supports this child for 16 years — likewise a minimum figure. Then the child represents an outlay of $2,400 of the farmer's hard-earned money when it is turned over to the city free of charge.

On this basis the farmers are annually contributing to the cities, in their 1,000,000 children, $2,400,000,000. They are keeping the cities alive at their own expense. The city rewards them by doing what it can to impoverish the farmer still further, thinking it a matter of self-interest to keep as low as possible the prices of foodstuffs, which it buys from the farmer, and keep as high as possible the prices of manufactured products, which it sells to the farmer.

The city has succeeded for a long time in thus living as a parasite on the farm; but the privilege is too good to last. The farmer has been depressed to the point where he can no longer make a living. As the technique of contraception is spreading rapidly (see for example the catalogues of the mail-order houses!), the farm family will be reduced rapidly in size. In other words, the farmer will no longer be able to provide the city with free children to keep it alive.

Since the city cannot in any event produce its own children, because of its chronically low birth rate, it must look to the higher birth rate of the farms for replenishment. But now it must begin to pay. It is not a question of sentimental justice; it is a question of survival. The position of the farmer must be improved economically, and the only way in which it can be improved is at the expense of the city. The city will have to tax itself, in one form or another, frankly for the benefit of the farmer. It will have to stop manipulating tariffs to enrich itself and despoil the farmer. It will have to enable the farmer to live, in order to save its own life.

These, then, in diagrammatic form, are the three ways in which there must be some redistribution of the national income, if family life is to be possible on a scale that will enable national survival.

I have deliberately omitted details and qualifications, in order to make the outlines sharp, and I have not tried to suggest just how all the necessary changes can be brought about. That is a problem for economists and statesmen. I am merely concerned to point out that, unless changes are made in these directions, it is futile to hope that American civilization can endure.

Of course, cultural changes are equally necessary. Family life must be made not only possible but attractive; and the tendency particularly during the last generation has been to exalt individualism instead of family life. The schools have failed lamentably at this point and are only now beginning to make feeble efforts to undo the damage.

But public attitudes can scarcely be changed so long as children are such an economic burden to parents. An equalization of family burdens therefore appears to be the next step.

In an early issue:
"The Children of a Behaviorist,"
by Ambrose X. Johnston

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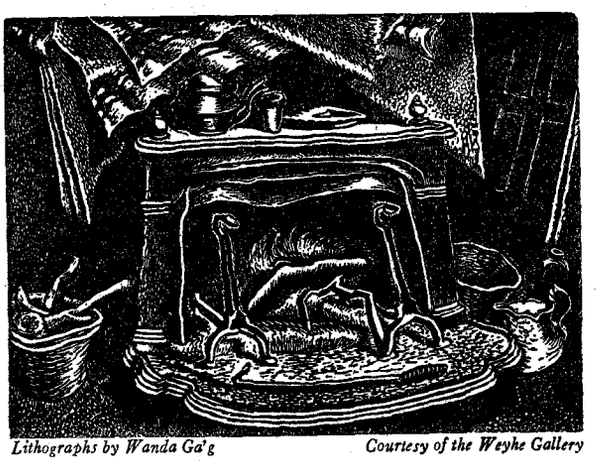
The Overrated Yankees



Lithographs by Wanda Ga'g *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

***by* LEE AUSTEN**

EVER SINCE that long ago April morning at Concord when he "fired the shot heard 'round the world" the Yankee farmer has remained a hardy perennial of song and story and stage and, in late years, of radio. Through these mediums he has assumed a variety of popular guises, all of them grotesque, most of them basically false. But even in the vast accumulation of honest literature that has been written around him we fail to get a complete and living picture. He is out of focus.

The flesh-and-blood Yank is not chiefly quaint or appealing, pitiful or heroic or amusing; he is rather a singularly irritating critter with a great many shortcomings and a few redeeming virtues — which are not, however, readily distinguished from the former.

Laboring long on his not too fertile acres, he appears the least likely of all people to need the help of an overindulgent government. Like the barnacle he clings to his native rock, comfortably solid and immobile in a hotchpot of unrest and pioneering and disillusionment. And he has all the virtues of a barnacle: tenacity, caution, self-sufficiency, the ability to stay where he is and not to want to be somewhere else. But, though these have achieved for him stability, a desperately desirable thing today, they are, nonetheless, the negative virtues of habit, calling for less effort in the observance than in the breach.

IN THE BACKWATER

THE TRUTH is the Yankee farmer has lost his impetus. He isn't going anywhere. He is self-reliant still but without the initiative we ascribe to pioneer stock; he is less ambitious than blindly faithful to a round of chores; he is the rear guard of progress, not the van, for on his comparatively few acres modern machines and inventions are not often vital benefits, and he hasn't limitless possibilities of expansion in any field.

Actually, of course, his isolation is becoming a thing of the past, and the world has come to him; yet seldom, even in spirit, does he go out to it. His interests are mostly local, and the tide of affairs means little to him so long as he may remain rooted and keep his traditional independence. That is the keystone of his character — the sum and substance of his general contrariness.

With it he binds himself and narrows all that he comes in contact with. It has for him no longer any of the larger aspects of *freedom* — ambition, expansion in new fields of thought and action, any releasing of the spirit through outside influences. He interprets it only as the right to be let alone and to do as he's "a mind ter." Caution, smugness, intolerance are its guardian angels.

Deal with him and you will meet it at every turn. Hire him, and he is still his own man, for he'll take your wages but not your orders. Should you want a job done your way, you must work up circuitously to the suggesting of it and be patient while he chews it all over and tells you why it can't be done. Don't argue with him, for he'll offer you then such a flow of plausible, wrong-headed reasoning you will

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never get around him. Let him talk himself out and you may get what you want after all.

But he will not always talk; when he wishes he can be as dumb as a clam and then he's downright unchristian. Put him an honest question expecting an honest answer, and his suspicions (God knows why) are immediately aroused. He will now make it his business to baffle you, and, though a dozen words would answer you completely, wild horses couldn't drag them from him. He is the unwilling witness; you are the lawyer; and your first question must necessarily be followed by a score of others, each rooting out a laconic reply that leads away from the heart of the matter rather than toward it. In the end you will have gathered just enough information to mislead you—not, mind, that he has anything to gain by this; it's simply his cussedness to hang on to what he's got and always know more than he will tell.

Yet he will not only give you as little information as possible when asked but on matters vitally concerning your welfare will preserve the most fantastic silence because you haven't specifically made it his business to inform you of them. There's nothing vicious about his reticence, however. He has no conscience and no concern in such matters one way or the other, for his is the philosophy of the supreme egotist; to look out for his own and let the other fellow do the same for his.

Much has been written about Yankee shrewdness. It has appeared as an amusing, even an admirable trait. But the ability to drive a good bargain, which means, for him, "stinging" the other fellow, appears on close inspection (particularly if you happen to be the other fellow) neither amusing nor admirable. Shrewdness is a misnomer for it. It is shrewdness so to drive a bargain that you get the better of it and still keep the other fellow satisfied, because he is glad to pay well for what is worth far more to him than to the seller. Yankee shrewdness, however, has little foresight in it when it consists in getting a big price for something that isn't in the long run worth that price to the purchaser. To do him justice he looks on summer folk as fair game. It's a matter of pride with him to "pot" as

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many as he can in the open season, and his conscience smites him only when he realizes that even these innocents have grown wise at last and he's been just too smart for his own good.

If shrewdness is evidence of the Yankee's sharpness, so, too, is his wit. Sometimes robust enough to be called drollery, it is more typically of that thin and vinegary kind that is not quite a sneer. As such it passes under the name of dryness, and is much sought after and universally admired. Yet after all it is the least charitable sort of humor, neither gracious nor good-natured nor inviting laughter. It is significant evidence of the Yankee viewpoint but it is more significant when considered as the only evidence we have of Yankee vivacity.

So far as physical motion is concerned he's geared in low for keeps and moves with the calm detachment of a sleepwalker. It is impossible to speed him up but, surprisingly enough, it is equally impossible to slow him down.

Yankee Stoicism

Of all mortals he is the most lugubrious and the most resigned for, like a true pessimist, he is forever anticipating the worst and so softens each blow before it falls. A fair day is a weather breeder for him. Blights, untimely frosts, and deluges he greets with grim satisfaction as convincing evidence of his prophetic powers. And he's truly thankful that things aren't worse; his philosophy embraces holocausts.

Without being particularly religious, he resigns himself to Acts of God and therefore does very little to remedy them when he might do a great deal. Wherever you find him he is the victim of bodily miseries and infirmities, which will not carry him off, in all probability, for a long time. He clings to slow agony. Doctors can do nothing for him, because he never goes to them.

But his stupid docility in the face of his own misfortunes and infirmities has an ugly reflection in his attitude toward dumb animals. Without being actually brutal, he is insensitive when they suffer. Not often guilty of lashing a horse, he will overwork it for weeks on end and then put it out to pasture for a while to let nature effect its recovery. From the time snow melts to the opening of the hunting season, he will keep his rabbit hound tied up behind the barn without once exercising it or offering it the least attention beyond a daily meal and a too occasional pan of fresh water. All his creatures he uses as if they were inanimate, handling them with no consideration but to achieve the practical results of the moment — milk or wool, lambs or veal, as the case may be.

So he performs all acts that have within them the possibility for gentleness and consideration. The clod under his feet has more feeling than he, for it at least must wake to the magic of growing things and carry the beauty of flowers and grass within its heart, while he who has spent his life on hilltops and in open fields, as lovely spots as man may hope to labor in, has apparently no awareness of beauty at all.

When he grows flowers, and, to do him justice, he or his "woman" usually have a few, they are set out with about as much imagination as he would bestow on a field of cabbages — less in fact, for he puts the cabbages where they will thrive. He is not, by the same token, a planter of trees and shrubs for beauty's sake and cares little that ivy will grow over brick and stone to soften hard lines. The barrenness of his buildings is symbolic. So, too, is the clutter of his yard, for he generally contrives, despite his thrift and industry, to appear shiftless in this respect and to give an impression of poverty, warranted or not.

In his outlook on life, however, he has achieved an orderliness that is as astonishing as it is exasperating. He never cumbers his mind with any opinions other than his own and, quite the reverse of the rest of mankind, keeps these unaltered — good stout hickory that toughens with age. They are the weapons of his independence, and though the rest of the world has marched on from Concord, he waits, the embattled farmer still, behind his own stone wall, resisting all invasion.

In an early issue:
"Week-end Pioneers,"
by Ralph Haley

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Monopoly's Stranglehold

by **CHARLES H. MARCH**

I DO NOT THINK it either careless or an overstatement to say that practically the whole world is in revolt against the philosophy of private monopoly. In essence, that is what the world-wide snarl in economics simmers down to, on close examination.

In some quarters it is called a reaction against the philosophy of unnecessary scarcity; in others it is called a breakdown of capitalism or a reversion to totalitarian control; and in still other quarters it is called merely the inevitable cycle of trade. But, call it what you may and name the tried and proposed remedies what you will, the heart and center of the thing — in America as elsewhere — is the new problem of monopoly which modern machinery, transportation, finance, and organization have brutally thrust forward. Until the world and America learn how to deal with the special form of monopoly which is a definite fact of modern civilization, all other human interests will merely mark time. The Goliath has appeared on the scene and dominated it; he must either be tamed and harnessed, dwarfed, allowed to rule, or laid low — there can be no genuine peace or return to "normal" until one of these ends arrives: he is that real and that disturbing.

In some countries the battle against him has taken the form of communism, in others civil war, in others "people's fronts," in others "national" governments, and in others central economic planning. In fascist countries monopoly has come to such power that it dominates government as well as industry. In all countries it is upsetting long-established parties and policies and forcing new alignments. Some countries have stripped from the Goliath his private-monopoly armor and put it on government; other countries have been forging new chains to hold the Goliath, while he thunders forth defiance.

We should not be misled into believing that the enemy which the world and America are fighting is *capitalism*. The very essence of capitalism is *preservation* of competition; the very essence of monopoly is *suppression* of competition. The most genuine friends that capitalism has are those who want to end monopoly — but not by the oversimple route of transferring the monopoly to government. That remedy may be as bad as the disease. Centuries ago, as well as today, that method was found to contain elements of oppression as well as private monopoly. You can't exactly get rid of a monster by swallowing him and becoming yourself a monster. Capitalism is itself the victim of monopoly. Some of the evils of monopoly are to be seen both under collectivism and under capitalism.

II

NOT SO MANY decades ago the prize for business success was being one's own boss. A bright young man could set up in business, make a little money, and acknowledge no master. Today the independent proprietor is vanishing from our midst — not only in America but in fascist and communistic countries as well. When the doctrine of socialism was spreading around this country 30 years ago, one of the most powerful arguments against it was that it would condemn a free people to be employees of the state. We were nourished by the philosophy that ability, courage, and honesty reaped the glittering prize of business independence. This prospect of freedom the American people were unwilling to exchange for any alien system of government or business that would condemn them to the bondage of a job.

But, while we were keeping a wary eye on socialism, the loss of freedom came from another quarter. Today most of us in industry work not for the government but for entities quite as impersonal and frequently as remote. The giant monopoly has snared most of us on

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its payroll, and the old order of the independent proprietor is fast fading away. At the turn of the last century, only 66.7 per cent of all manufactured products were made by corporations. By 1919 this percentage had risen to 87 per cent. Today it is in the neighborhood of 95 per cent. In the field of retail distribution the incorporated chain has absorbed from 20 to 25 per cent of the business. One of the last stands of the small proprietor is the neighborhood store. But the chain has broken into this field, and against this fast-growing giant the little retailer everywhere is waging a desperate battle.

It may be that in an economic system which seeks to develop efficiency to its maximum limits there is no place for the independent proprietor. But mere incorporation will not save him. The small corporation in America is being as ruthlessly exterminated as was its predecessor type in business, the independent proprietor. The problem of a small business, whether incorporated or unincorporated, today is the same one that has been faced — and unsuccessfully faced — by countless thousands of businessmen since the Civil War. Ever since the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, the economic slaughter of small businessmen in the United States has gone on at a terrific pace. The common assumption of the uninitiated has been that these little fellows justly fell before the superior efficiency of larger units. The sad truth is that they were frequently wiped out by unfair and often illegal trade practices. Had real efficiency been the determining factor of this struggle, much of American industry today would be in a far healthier condition, and the recent depression might even have been avoided.

Not even the farmer has escaped the clutch of monopoly. Recently the Federal Trade Commission completed an investigation of agricultural income. This study revealed the startling progress of monopoly in the processing of agricultural products. It was found that three tobacco manufacturers in 1934 bought approximately 70 per cent of all tobacco consumed domestically. In livestock, three packing companies bought 40.8 per cent of the cattle and veal calves and 25.3 per cent of the hogs.

In its final report to the Senate on its chain-store investigation, the Federal Trade Commission said:

> Should the trend of the past twenty years, and particularly of the last decade, continue for a like period, we shall have a condition in some lines of chain-merchandising that few will dispute is monopolistic.

In their greed for profit, monopolistic enterprises charged more than the traffic could bear. They had little or no regard for ultimate consequences. By eliminating competition, they thought they were on their way to greater success and greater riches. Actually, however, as it turned out, fewer people were able to buy the products of the big business enterprises which had concentrated output in their own hands, for that very concentration deprived many of their means of livelihood and thus destroyed their purchasing power.

Monopolistic ownership or control of the means of production connotes ownership of the things produced. It determines the amount to be produced, restricts the freedom to engage in productive pursuits and, consequently, the amount of labor that may be employed. By fixing prices, it limits or restricts the quantity of goods which may be consumed.

Periodically, we have seen a glut of goods on the market with no purchasing power to move them into consumption. Monopoly's favorite remedy for that condition has been further to restrict production, but this has only further paralyzed the purchasing power of the consumer, whose income depends on the maintenance of production.

Another aspect of monopoly is its power to oppress and exploit other groups which are unable to organize their own monopolies. Agriculture, for instance, is the means of livelihood of over a third of our population. During the 'twenties, corporate dividends soared, but the price of the farmer's products and his profits fell continually. In the year of greatest income production in the United States (1929), the farmer was barely able to make ends meet, and in many agricultural sections unrest and rebellion against low farm prices were in full swing.

The adversity of the farmer was easy to explain. The farmer is a simon-pure capitalist. He makes his living by raising and selling his products in a highly competitive manner. Industry, however, had largely seceded from the competitive system and was squeezing the farmer with monopoly prices on what he bought. Between the nether millstone of com-

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petition and the upper one of industrial monopoly the farmer's share of the national income grew progressively smaller, until the alarming spread of tenant farming brought about by farm bankruptcies threatened to destroy the farmer's traditional independence.

III

IT APPEARS to surprise some Americans who have not examined the American economic scene critically to be told that monopoly has rapidly gained strength and that competition is being eliminated in America. The average American has been taught to believe that monopoly is a dragon that was slain when the Sherman antitrust law was passed in 1890. He sees so much price competition in local retail stores that he has an idea that competition is more active than ever. He does not realize that the competition he sees is not so much among the big and powerful as it is between those and the weak and desperate. Nor does he understand what is admitted by all who have studied large corporations and antitrust-law enforcement, that the antitrust laws, as interpreted and applied by the courts, have actually tilted the scales *against* the small businessman and have only very mildly curbed the monopolistic power of the large corporations.

Competition may be legally ended by corporate mergers but may not be ended by agreement among independent units. A committee sponsored by President Hoover found that between 1919 and 1928 there were 1,268 combinations of manufacturing and mining concerns which involved the merger of 4,135 separate concerns and the disappearance of 6,000 more. In 1929 a total of 1,200 other independent manufacturing and mining firms disappeared. Messrs. Berle and Means opened America's eyes in their book, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, which showed that 200 giant corporations out of a total of 500,000 control nearly 50 per cent of all corporate assets in the United States and that, if the same rate of growth as of 1909–1929 is to continue for another 40 years, these corporations will own all America!

As it stands, nearly every field of industry today in the United States is dominated by a few giant corporations. *Ten per cent of the corporations do 80 per cent of the business* is a wearisomely familiar statement about almost any American industry. See how it looks when turned about: *90 per cent of the corporations do only 20 per cent of the total business.* Size, of course, is not proof of monopoly, but power to monopolize is in itself a threat. It was supposed, about 25 or 30 years ago, after the great antitrust agitations of 1890–1901, that American business and finance had renounced monopoly as an aim, as Gary did. Perhaps they did temporarily, but the war and after-war pace of technics and finance undoubtedly set up a new complex.

Walter Lippmann has said, in condemning private monopoly as an impossible permanent policy for America:

> If big business men try to practice a private socialism, inevitably they will push the country into some form of public socialism. The real propagandists of collectivism in America are not the Marxian orators but the promoters of private monopoly.

The problem actually is not how to encourage more collectivism in our capitalistic system but how to get rid of existing collectivism in its present one-sided status. If we do not rid ourselves of collectivism in industry, we must, of course, go on to collectivism in labor and agriculture, merely as a necessary balancing operation. This is in fact what is happening today. We cannot have collective bargaining of the kind which precludes competition among individual industrialists and corporations in fixing prices and which yet insists on competition among individual workingmen and farmers for their services and goods. This is indefensible and foredoomed to failure. It is cracking right now.

IV

COMPETITION is a word which needs interpretation. *Pugilism* affords a parallel. Half a century ago, there was a very crooked kind of fisticuffs. A boxing bout then was usually a mere bloody slugging match in which anything "went"; whereas today a boxing match run by the Marquis of Queensberry rules and the regulations of a boxing commission, plus the code of the ring, written or unwritten, recognized and honored by the best men in the field, is quite a different thing — and one patronized by hundreds of thousands where once it was patronized only by dozens.

Competition in the business field today may

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well be described as in the throes of working out a set of Marquis of Queensberry rules. The fouls are being defined, and the rules framed to prevent biting in the clinches or the use of hidden brass knuckles.

The broad, fundamental American policy of fairness and equality of opportunity to all is gradually being given specific definition, as regards details of business operation never before legislated about. The Robinson-Patman act is now one of our important anti-monopoly laws, prohibiting certain forms of price discrimination and related practices. It is intimately related to the Clayton act, as that was to the Sherman antitrust law. Price discrimination is an outstanding method of building up monopoly, for it substantially lessens competition. The various ways in which clever merchandisers had used or induced price discriminations to undermine competition are now dragged out in the open and combated. The large corporation using its size and power to intimidate its smaller supply sources into giving special advantages is by way of being stopped. Conditions of competition are far more nearly equalized by this measure, which is being more and more appreciated as a friend by nonmonopolistic business. The old smoke screens of quantity discounts, advertising or promotional allowances for no actual service rendered are uncovered and prohibited by the Robinson-Patman act; and false brokerage and other devious discriminatory devices are run to earth.

Paul S. Willis, President of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America, reports that a survey of members indicates 78 per cent favoring the law; while over 90 per cent opposed secret rebates, unearned quantity discounts, payment of brokerage to buyers and loss-leader selling. The great bulk of American business wants to abide by fair and square rules; it would be a craven government which would not champion it and the public against the predatory few.

It is very important, however, to make clear that in battling monopoly we are not taking sides with the inefficient as against the efficient. There are those who naïvely believe that the large monopolistic corporations are all ranged on the side of modern scientific efficiency, while the critics of monopoly are all incompetent malcontents. Such ideas belong to the romantic period of American business, when money, success, and size were worshiped indiscriminately. We know too much today about the details of how monopolistic corporations make their profits to subscribe to these ideas any longer. There is a vast amount of incompetence, inefficiency, high cost, and uneconomic operation among monopolistic corporations: that is precisely why so many of them turn to unfair, gouging, monopolistic practices — suppression of competition, gambling, juggling, interlocking, etc. They are not efficient enough to earn a genuine profit from square competition on merit. They have been merged, overcapitalized, and reorganized, the original

Etching by Howard Cook *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

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owners and managers gone, and with such a burden they need unfair advantage in order to live. However, we must interject here the statement that America has some magnificently efficient large corporations.

It is no part of government to subsidize inefficiency or forestall the changes which a competitive economy inevitably brings to pass, but it is the function of government to stop discrimination, monopoly, and impediments to fair competition. Sound American business does not complain of competition when it is clean and fair. Monopolies have ever been notorious for their unfair competition; they frequently set up monopoly for the express purpose of creating a fulcrum from which to swing the bludgeon of unfair, discriminative practices and suppression of competition.

There is another type of competition which is ignorance, folly and self-injury: for example, selling at a loss and entering into vindictive price wars. When monopoly practices this, it can endure its loss, serene in the knowledge that the loss to the smaller competitor will be fatal. It, too, is an old trick of monopoly to crush the small man. When small men indulge in it, it is suicidal.

We need wider business, as well as public, education as to the meaning of genuine fair competition and how to operate a soundly competitive system. All economic systems, as a matter of fact, are competitive in one way or another; the great need is to observe fair and even standards of competition and have available laws which will restrain those who won't play fair. The Federal Trade Commission, with its 22 years of experience, is serving American business in this direction more and more.

The streams of commerce must be kept open and free to insure national well-being. Questionable or unfair trade practices are among the main obstructions to this steady flow of commerce which too frequently interfere with the forces of supply and demand and disturb the competitive balance. Those acts of unfair competition which the Commission and the courts have held to be unlawful include: misrepresentation and misbranding of products; defamation of competitors and false disparagement of their products; illegal price discrimination; commercial bribery; illegal use of loss leaders; illegal rebating; inducing breach of contract willfully to injure competitor; circulating threats of infringement suits in bad faith; full-line forcing to suppress competition; passing off and imitation of trade-marks.

V

In attacking monopoly the old antitrust laws have been notoriously inadequate, because under these laws, as interpreted and applied by the courts, a monopoly can dominate an entire industry and eliminate competition. The behavior of the monopoly, not its size or power, was thus made the test of unlawfulness. New legislation makes it possible to halt some of this monopolistic behavior, this killer of fair competition and grinder down of small business.

American growth and prosperity have been founded on competition, which in our economic system is relied on to ensure the availability of goods at prices representing efficient cost of production and of distribution, plus a fair profit. No economic system employed in any other part of the world has been so productive of blessings to the people as has ours. Industrialists of monopolistic trend of thought often boast of this as though these good things had come *through* monopoly, whereas, of course, they came *in spite of* it.

American prosperity and progress of the kind we can really boast about have been accomplished by initiative, intelligence, honesty, and everlasting industry and effort and always with a wholesome regard for the rights of others. A truly competitive economy tends toward freedom and expansion of business activity. Monopoly stifles and restrains it.

Under a fair competitive system, the allocation of income adjusts itself among the various classes of our economic body with some considerable reference to ability, work, and enterprise. When fair competition ceases, however, prices tend to rise above honest values, and the ruthless and unscrupulous profit exorbitantly at the expense of others. We reap social and political unrest, overconcentrated income and wealth, economic maladjustment. Purchasers have only so much money with which to buy. They cannot and will not long pay the enhanced prices which result from overcapitalization of industry and trade, inefficiency of production and distribution, or the marketing of undesirable merchandise. When their purses have been emptied, trading must cease until they can again return to the market as purchasers.

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Thus a failure on the part of producers and distributors to maintain a healthy state of competition dries up the very wells of their prosperity and results, in the end, in their own detriment, as well as in the distress and injury of the public.

Much sentiment seems to exist, particularly today in various branches of industry, supporting the theory that the main self-help of competitors is an effective agreement to *eliminate* competition. This is fallacious, unsound in principle, and doubtless contrary to law. Controlled and stifled competition breeds monopoly with its attendant evils or arbitrarily fixed prices unrelated to costs. It leads to gouging of the public. Ultimately it brings about the collapse of business. The inevitable effect of stifling competition is to undermine the maintenance of the public's purchasing power, which is the key to business prosperity. Any general monopolization of the means of production and distribution restricts the market. The inability of millions to purchase, to consume, or to produce is a reflection of such monopolization.

Society is an organism through which flows the lifeblood of commerce. When any part of society monopolizes more of that lifeblood than it can use, the other parts suffer. Even in the part which has the excess supply, congestion and disease appear. And, just as infection in the less prominent parts of our bodies may produce decay and death, so infection in the humbler parts of our social and economic organism may destroy it.

The socialists and communists tell us that this situation is inherent in capitalism and that the disease is incurable and will steadily get worse. At the other extreme, the apologists for monopoly say there is nothing wrong except too much government concern over relatively unimportant parts of our population and too much government in business. Whatever the merits of these opposing viewpoints, the capitalistic system is still alive and naturally struggles to conquer the disease which some of us think is not necessarily fatal. But the germs of this disease are monopolization of wealth and purchasing power, and it will be fatal if allowed to run on unchecked.

Monopoly and the impoverishment of the common people until it was a choice between the bread of charity or the blood of revolution has ever been the herald of moral decay and national death. So passed the glory of republican Greece and the grandeur of democratic Rome; and, if we may judge the future by the past, so may perish the greatest republic that "ever gleamed like a priceless jewel on the skeleton hand of time." Self-interest, humanity, patriotism, religion itself — all admonish us to weigh well the problem of the hour, a problem born of human progress, forced on us by the mighty revolution wrought in the industrial world by steam and electricity; and that problem is: Shall the average American citizen be a slave or a sovereign?

The illustrious Lincoln said, "I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." And by the same token neither this nor any other government can endure half monopolized and half free, because monopoly is slavery.

The struggle to preserve free enterprise must not fail. There will be nothing gained by maintaining the forms of a freedom from which the substance has departed. In the verse of John Boyle O'Reilly:

Here . . . on this soil
Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men!
Began the making of the world again;
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set;
Where all the people equal-franchised met;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
Where human breath blew all the idols down;
Where crests were nought, where vulture flags were furled,
And common men began to own the world.

In an early issue:
A debate on "The Right to Work"
between
Edward L. Israel
Frank Henry Selden

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Will the Upper Classes Vanish?

by **STRUTHERS BURT**

My friends worry me — that is, a certain large percentage of them. Perhaps I should say the majority. They are such nice people, my friends — most of them. And I am even more worried about their children and grandchildren.

I am not worried about my friends' morals. Those, owing perhaps to the passage of time, seem to me better than they were fifteen years ago. Nor am I worried about their manners. Their manners — also on the whole — are fairly good. Nor have I any fault to find with the individual generosity, kindliness, and good intentions of most of the men and women I know. These characteristic American virtues seem to be holding their own. I am not even worried by the fact that so many of my friends drink too much. The contemporary zeal for liquor is, I am sure, only a passing phase, although it may take the destruction of an entire generation by cirrhosis of the liver to prove that it is.

None of these worry me. What worries me is the apparent loss of memory on the part of so many friends. During the past eight years they seem to have learned nothing, and I had so hoped that a few of them would. And what especially worries me — and this is the root of my worry — is the growing lack where these friends are concerned of what might be called the instinct for survival.

I don't mean the instinct for reproduction. That still seems to me to be functioning in a half-hearted, absent-minded fashion. I mean the instinct which impels a species not to allow itself to die out — the instinct which drives that species to modify itself to meet the demands of evolution and a constantly changing environment, the tribal, racial, cosmic, inherent shrewdness which resists destruction.

The early American, the frontier American, had a lot of this shrewdness. If he hadn't had, the Indian would have got him, or the aboriginal mosquito.

My friends — the ones I am talking about — seem to have lost this shrewdness, and the most worrying feature of it all is that they no longer seem to care. They are passionate enough about everything else under the sun and daily growing more passionate but they are completely unconcerned about the one thing which, in the long run, would give to their convictions any permanent value.

Nobody bothers very much nowadays about what the saber toothed tiger thought.

Nor am I ever allowed to forget my worries. Whenever the sun is shining or things seem to be going fairly well or I've enjoyed my breakfast, Mr. Girdler says something new, or Mr. Ford debouches into some of his quaint philosophy, or Mr. Morgan grants an interview, or I read a baccalaureate sermon.

The average baccalaureate sermon can take the sunshine out of my life for a whole morning.

Now I have been careful, as you have noticed, to limit my category. I said "a certain large percentage" of my friends. Leading the sort of life I do, I have friends all over the country and of every economic class. Perhaps I would make myself clearer if I said I was not worried about the country as a whole, about the United States, but only about a small

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segment of the population — a segment, however, which, despite its numerical weakness, the uninformed scorn of its enemies, and the growing resignation on the part of many of its well-wishers, none the less seems to me an extremely important segment and well worth saving, if it can be saved. Besides, as I will explain later, my affections are involved and, as I think, my common sense.

In any event, even in imagination I do not like to picture myself in the position of the last heath hen on Martha's Vineyard. Mirabeau was more fortunate. He wrote innumerable letters to the court of Louis XVI, warning the King and Queen, and then died before the real trouble began.

Our Native Innocence

The country as a whole, the United States, seems to me to be in better potential shape, morally, politically, and socially, than it has been since the days of the Founders. Even economically, despite any surface manifestations to the contrary and although inflations and deflations may come and go, the country seems to me to be in fairly good shape, if for no other reason — there are lots of others — than the fact that, for the first time in their history, a number of Americans are beginning to realize that economics is not a thing apart but a part of life. This, for Americans, is an earth-shaking discovery. Heretofore, where business, finance, and politics were concerned, we have functioned in a moral vacuum. After a while we may even reach the point where we admit that Benjamin Franklin, when he spoke about honesty, meant what he said.

Nor is that all. Few Americans, save for those friends of mine who worry me, are any longer cocksure, and, although uncertainty may not be the actual mother of thought, it is at least thought's first cousin.

I am not, therefore, worried about the country nor am I worried about the majority of my friends acquired since maturity. I am worried about only the majority of those friends with whom I grew up, with whom I went to college, and whom I now see when I go East or to any of the larger cities — friends by this time occupying positions of importance in business, in the professions, and in education (the last group owning the extra worry of having in charge the minds and spirits of some 15,000,000 promising young Americans). In short, I am worried only about what, for want of a better name, are called the "upper" classes of America — the so-called educated classes, the more or less released classes. And I am not worried, as I have said, about either their morals or their hearts. Their morals, despite modern inroads, are still the best upper-class morals in the world — that is, their private morals. Their hearts, for the most part, are in the right place. It is their brains that bother me. If I may use that excellent perversion of a physical adjective, a number of my friends seem to me just plain dumb.

By a curious paradox, in this they remain the exact opposite of the Europeans whom so many of them admire. The privileged European is, as a rule, amoral but shrewd; the American remains, as he has always been, well-meaning but innocent — innocent (*insensate* is a better word), that is, in all but his specialty; for one of the most baffling features of American life is the prevalence of leading citizens, businessmen as well as scholars, scientists as well as statesmen, who, brilliant along their own lines, are little children when it comes to anything further afield and not very bright children at that.

You perceive that my attitude is the exact opposite of that of those friends who worry me. They think they are wonderful and the country is wrong; I think the country is right and they, to say the least, are unwary.

One is constantly being forced back on national criticisms one does not want to make, on conclusions, mortifying to American pride, one does not want to harbor. You remember the story, perhaps, told about the czarist minister who, after the revolution of 1917, is reported to have said: "I have no right to complain. I have been guilty of the most awful of crimes. . . . I have been guilty of not understanding the spirit of my age." You may also remember Bismarck's famous aphorism that fools learn in the school of experience but that he himself preferred an easier way — an aphorism, incidentally, that has a grim twist when applied to any possible clash of classes.

A class so stupid that it learns only by experience is usually dead or in exile by the time it has learned.

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Arrogance and Ignorance

Speaking in the softest possible voice and more in dismay and apprehension than scorn and as much to get the accusations out of the way as to dwell on them, let me make a few direct charges — only one or two out of the score that can be brought.

Who can deny that the American upper class, save for the same class in totalitarian countries where ignorance has become a cult, is not the most ignorant class of its kind in the world — not only ignorant but blandly and quietly arrogant and not in its manners (American surface manners are good) but in its ideals and ambitions? The American upper class is even more arrogant than the same class or classes in England, and that is saying a good deal. The English upper class is arrogant only to servants and foreigners — in other words, only to those whom it pays for the privilege or to those who it thinks cannot hurt it. It is no longer arrogant politically, economically, or, in the large sense, socially.

Arrogance is confined to a few definitely middle-class gentlemen, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, quite mistakenly, put down their temporary importance to the grace of God.

But the American likes his ignorance and quiet arrogance and nurses them.

He is so ignorant that he is unaware that the present English Conservative Party, like intelligent conservative parties all over the world, save in the United States, has moved so far forward, economically and politically, to meet changing conditions, that if he knew what it has done and is doing he would shout, "Revolution!"

He is so ignorant that he cannot realize that, in this day and generation, it is no longer possible to form or maintain an opposition party, that most necessary thing to a nation's health, merely on personal abuse, absurd stories, and reaction.

He is so ignorant that he toys with the idea of fascism under the delusion that fascism protects the upper classes and business instead of slowly but surely destroying both.

He is so ignorant that apparently he has never heard of the economic axiom that production consists of three factors — capital, management, and labor — and that no one of these can get along without the other two and that all three must be given equal consideration.

He still thinks that labor is a commodity to be purchased in the open market; that Adam Smith was a great economist; that a man who seizes or steals a public right has, *ipso facto*, a fine mind and character; and that the law of the survival of the fittest runs mankind, although, if it did, seven times out of ten he wouldn't be present.

Listening to the average member of the American upper class, male or female, even the half-informed person is secretly embarrassed as he would be by the ignorant, whole-souled misuse of a knife or fork. These people do not know the books that have been written. They are not interested in the opinions of experts. They are oblivious to the lessons of history. They do not even know what has happened and is happening in other countries under conditions similar to their own. They do not even know the proper definitions of the terms which, parrotlike, they are accustomed to use.

How can a brief dinner-table argument be conducted when, almost invariably, it is first necessary to start with the Sumerians and the Hittites and the Minoans and the Greeks and the Romans, their rise, their fall, not to mention the long, slow history of paleolithic and neolithic Man, merely to clear the ground for the discussion of contemporary events and to explain why certain opinions, however antagonistic to the hearer, should at least, in the name of common sense and self-protection, be listened to with respect? It is like talking to the Knights of the Round Table.

No so-called educated men or women alive today are so cut off from recent knowledge or so isolated from the experience of the race as are the members of the American upper class. Socially, economically, politically, they are like South Sea Islanders before the missionaries came, except that they are not half as amiable.

The Misled "Conservatives"

Now all this, of course, comes down largely to a question of early training, so it is not fair to blame entirely the upper-class American if he cannot think coherently. He is what his schools and universities have made

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him, added to what his parents have already begun.

Although so-called American education is a further subject, it seems necessary to say at this point that it is the most expensive and the worst that man has yet contrived. Our schools and universities, endowed or State, public or private, do not even know the difference between information and knowledge, specialization and wisdom. They are still blithely unaware that the mind is an instrument, not a receptacle. They are still blissfully oblivious of the fact that a fool — generally speaking — however brilliant in his chosen profession, is still a fool. They do not know that thought is sympathetic and not much good unless it can be generally applied. Until they find these things out, their chief product will be men and women who become so excited when they try to think that they stutter.

As to the accredited upper class, if you wish to find out more about its secondary education, you can do no better than to read Porter Sargent's *Handbook of Private Schools; Twenty First Edition.* This caustic and documented book is as necessary to the well-to-do parent as a marriage certificate. A mine of pregnant quotations, it contains this interesting one from an editorial in the *London Journal of Education:*

> Man's inhumanity to man has made countless thousands mourn, and it is the task of education to root out that inhumanity and replace it by humane knowledge and understanding.

Until our universities realize what human knowledge and understanding are, the majority of their graduates will continue to think that economic and social argument consists of injunctions, militia, and refusals to confer, while the financiers among them will hold to the ancient American theory that, when it comes to dividends, there is simply no such thing as usury.

One of the as yet unexplained phenomena that has always interested me, about the graduating classes of American universities, is the conviction on the part of those graduates who go into finance, by no means always the finest or brightest of their fellows, that, because they are croupiers near the roulette wheel, they are therefore entitled to an infinitely greater degree of wealth than their classmates who, refusing to play roulette, prefer engineering, the sciences, teaching, the arts, farming, or the professions.

It is not to be expected, of course, that the leopard will change his spots, although if he is a wise leopard he will use his spots along the lines of protective coloring. But an utter change is not what I am asking. Nature, with a good deal of wisdom, seems to have divided mankind into the inherently conservative and the inherently radical. This is a bad arrangement — changing my mammalogy — only when the radicals run away or the conservatives balk. The intelligent conservative, although not altering his fundamental viewpoint, does not stand still. He moves forward as steadily as the radical — but several paces in the rear. If this were not so, Chief Justice Hughes, that wise conservative, would still be wearing skins and painting himself blue.

I am aware that the extreme radicals do not subscribe to this picture of the wise conservative. They believe that the definition of conservatism implies a core of resistance that can be broken only by force. This seems to me a misinterpretation of history as childish as that of the extreme conservative. Revolution, like war, is invariably a waste — a sign of apelike impatience on one side and of gorillalike stupidity on the other. I have lived too close to the land to believe in tearing up what might by proper cultivation become the flower of the crop, to plant again with wearisome repetition unknown seeds.

The only consistent revolutionist in history has been the American farmer, who, putting nothing back into the soil, has moved on as soon as his crops failed. But that isn't farming or sociology; that's placer mining. And what has happened to the American farmer?

Modern Dinosaurs?

And now, in conclusion, I think I should state as simply and clearly as I can my own position. To state your own position — if you are permitted to do so — has become a contemporary necessity; otherwise, so odd is the present fashion in dialectics, it will be stated for you by your opponents with a vigor whose mildest feature is a complete disregard of the truth.

By several of a million chances, the adventitiousness of which is seldom recognized by the recipient, I happen to have been born a

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member of the class I have been describing. I grew up with it; I still frequent it. I like it but, above all, I believe that, owing to certain facts of social evolution, it is the one class capable of producing, save in sporadic instances, the more distinguished human virtues. Should these virtues die out — and in many places they are now being uprooted — mankind will go back to the Dark Ages. That these virtues have never been widespread in the only class capable of cultivating them to any extent is beside the point.

On the other hand, I have been a workingman and have employed labor. Because of my dual experience, I try not to be sentimental about either the workingman or my own class. And, because I am trying not to be sentimental, I should like to say something about the workingman. I have never seen it stated this way before.

Personally I like the workingman. Socially, in the narrow sense, he is usually charming. I would much rather go to a workingman's party than go to one in my own class. The workingman is more amusing, more salty, within his limitations intellectually freer, and, in certain ways, much more worldly than his richer fellows; but I have never yet met a workingman, an actual hand, who was not an egotist, a highly developed neurotic, a sentimentalist, and therefore untrustworthy — politically, economically, and socially. And, of all untrustworthy men in these respects (because the gap between is not normal but too dislocating to the character), the most untrustworthy workingmen are those who have become millionaires. The workingman's charm is, I think, what fools his less experienced admirers.

I do not blame the workingman. I do not see how he could be anything else. I do not see how a man without secure tenure of employment, without ample living wages, without sufficient property, constantly at the mercy of other men's wills, could be objectively unselfish, far-visioned, or a political and economic altruist. I do not see how he could be anything but a fierce egotist, a watchful neurotic, and a political and social opportunist. I blame only those temporarily powerful men so infantile that they do not perceive that the only way to cure the workingman is to make him, in proportion, a capitalist. In curing him, his lords and masters might even cure themselves.

I have, of course, met many uneducated men who were none of the things I have mentioned, who were generous-minded, co-operative, philosophically objective, full-visioned, and utterly trustworthy; but in no case were they actually workingmen. They were independent farmers, independent shopkeepers, or master mechanics or they belonged to some guild which had achieved independence — such as the Four Brotherhoods. They were never, in any case, the vassals of finance capitalism.

What I should like to see — and the task is no more difficult than a hundred objectives successfully attempted by mankind in its long history — is a concerted attempt to make the workingmen, by economic, political, and social means, trustworthy and unselfish and the more released classes humane, knowledgable, and responsible. Until that is accomplished and for their own good, I should like to see both groups a trifle more humble intellectually.

Sentimentality means arrogance. Arrogance means a loss of fear. The loss of fear implies final extinction, no matter what may be the temporary success of a species, a tribe, or a man. Man arose to his present position only because, being the least protected of creatures, it was necessary for him to be the most fearful and wary. A watchful and a silent step are safer than a loud roar. Possibly the workingman will replace or rule all other classes. If he does and — as Russia is already beginning to demonstrate — unless he changes his present state of mind, he too will be replaced by something else. Neanderthal men, I am afraid, may be his successors.

Meanwhile, I am worried about my friends. Whitehead, who certainly ought to know, and innumerable other scientists are constantly warning us that those species which cannot adapt themselves to their environment are doomed to extinction. Perhaps this gloomy prediction troubles me particularly when I am in the Far West. I live only a hundred miles or so north of where, every summer, eager college boys and their professors dig up great dead creatures. They were magnificent animals. They had tiny brains and large feet. They have perished from the earth.

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The Artist's Point of View

Lynd Ward "Writes" a New Book in Pictures

The continuity (in words):
The Girl returns to her violin after the Father has attempted suicide

I HAVE JUST had an extraordinary experience. I have *seen* a book. I look at the clock. It is only one hour since I sat down here at my desk and began seeing life through the eyes and burin of Lynd Ward. In that hour I have experienced the life of the Girl, the Boy, the Father, the Elderly Gentleman, and modern American civilization as keenly as ever any Dickens, Thackeray, or Shakespeare could make me see life through the magic of the word. Ward has shifted symbols — from those with meaning for the intellect to those with meaning for the eye. He writes a book in pictures. The only words in his vast human drama are a few titles: *February*, *March*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *1927*, *1930*, etc. And the title of the whole is *Vertigo**, whatever that means to you.

I have *seen* life. The feeling of identification is extraordinary. I have seen the Girl graduate from high school; seen her conflict, between the pull to her violin and to the Boy, with all its consequences; seen the Father lose his job and his hopes; seen the Boy's ideals shattered one by one and come tumbling down on his eager young head; seen the Elderly Gentleman and known his thoughts as only his valet might see him and, if he were a Ward or a Dickens, know them. And I have seen the irony of the final blood transfusion and the moment of bliss it purchased in the escape to the wild dash of the roller coaster. I have shared in all these living events.

The shift of symbols has many challenging implications. First, the fact that these are artist-created symbols, purified of all irrelevant matter and thoroughly integrated into a functional work of art, is important.

Then, the consecutive impact of a developed theme is a new dimension in the handmade picture. Other artists of the wood block from Dürer and Holbein to Doré and the contemporary school have told stories in single pictures and in a consecutive series of illustrations like Holbein's *Dance of Death*. But Masareel in Paris and Ward in America are the first to present an entire novel in pictures. The cumulative effect of this developed theme is uncanny when every element of the picture is under the control of an artist.

Eye-mindedness with the great mass of people is natural. The visual image is more readily assimilated than the thought image. But that natural inclination has, in recent times, been directed more to factual than to sensory observation. Lynd Ward is telling a story in works of art. He is unshackling the picture from its past limitation to the single scene or event and opening up a brave new world as broad as the novel, poem, or play and, in its purely visual aspects, as the picture on the stage.

Finally, he is doing all this with insight, freshness, and great plastic power.

RALPH M. PEARSON

* Vertigo *by Lynd Ward. (Random House, $3.00.)*

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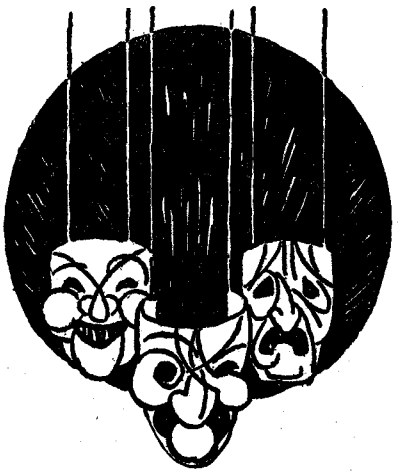
The Theater Forum



To the planners of the First National Theatre Conference who called for a resuscitation of the theater last May the new season in New York has thus far brought scant comfort. The first weeks launched only eighteen plays, five of them unmistakable failures, only two of them conspicuous successes. Two of them were second-rate musical comedies, one was a murder mystery, six were fluffy farces, and, omitting revivals, only three possessed some degree of distinction. When this report appears there will have been other notable productions, but it is doubtful whether a final accounting of the season will reveal a better average. The sad truth is that the wellsprings of vital theater have been seriously depleted in recent years, both here and abroad.

The foreign sources, which contributed so greatly to the American stage, have become a feeble trickle. Dictatorships have tabooed intelligent theater, and discouraged European democracies are likewise only sporadically productive.

When the English send us comedies like the current importations *George and Margaret* and *French Without Tears* they wisely wrap them in the Cellophane of glossy acting without which their essence would evaporate like escaping ether. In the first-mentioned play, a middle-class family is mildly insane, the daughter of the household chases an indecisive lover, and her brother marries the parlormaid. In the second comedy, a congenital flirt plays havoc with incipient diplomats studying in a French pension, and is ultimately routed. Because young people are charming when foolish and their elders are likable when addled, these concoctions leave us pleasantly titillated. But their bouquet will hardly survive the ride home. Ireland, who gave us great plays in the past, also offers nothing more exhilarating than a confused little study of a maladjusted young woman, *Katie Roche*. Wisely, the visiting Abbey Theatre has decided to confine itself to revivals like *The Plough and the Stars*, which reminds us of the glory that was Ireland, and *The Far-Off Hills*, which shows how delightful the stage can be even in a minor enterprise when it comes to grips with genuine life.

The Hungarian theater, though never remarkable for depth, once provided such distillations of imagination and observation as *Liliom* and *Fata Morgana*. Today it offers pabulum like Bus-Fekete's *The Lady Has a Heart*, which at its boldest merely restates the banal idea that a commoner can possess intelligence. But, seemingly alarmed at his daring, the Hungarian playwright makes sure that his butler who has turned statesman retains a servile attachment for his master and relinquishes his seat in parliament with the explanation that one cannot help the people by improving their government! Thereupon he is rewarded with the hand of his master's daughter. The claws of a potential social satire are thus dutifully clipped, and its feet dipped in cloying saccharine.

II

It is apparent that the American stage must tap its own resources, which are abundant since we are undergoing vital changes and are unfettered by censorship. But our resources are barely tapped. Anarchic conditions in the theater send our playwrights and actors to Hollywood in search of security; and our producers, hampered by lack of money, too often rely on plays primed for the lowest common denominator. More often than not, this policy initiates a vicious circle. Since the public can buy commonplace entertainment at a fraction of the tariff by visiting the nearest movie, producers lose money, become more cautious, offer weaker plays, and lose still more money. . . .

It is not surprising then that the record of the new season is so meager. It contains impossible balderdash like *On Location*, a well-conceived comedy of country-house blues like *In Clover*, which should not, however, have run

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more than 30 minutes, and a pretentious nautical romance, *Blow Ye Winds*, presented by the once adventurous Arthur Hopkins, dedicated to the tremendous idea that a lady Ph.D. and her unintellectual lover must not expect smooth sailing, though true love will tow them in safely in the end. *Angel Island*, a run-of-the-mine murder mystery, freezes its audience with organ chords and spooky lighting rather than with anything that the playwright himself contributes. *Virginia* is a mammoth musical with a peanut brain that leaves the eye grateful for glorious scenic display but leaves the other organs uninvolved. *A Hero Is Born*, a Federal Theatre extravaganza, smothers a fairy tale in the trappings of a circus and makes only circumstantial comedy. *The Fireman's Flame*, the latest burlesque melodrama, is a colorful bit of Americana and disarms criticism by calling itself a lark but labors like a mountain for every ounce of humor. Immeasurably superior, *Susan and God*, *The Star-Wagon*, and *To Quito and Back* call for gratitude. But, judged by the high standards to which they would have to conform to transfigure the senescent stage, they are only moderately impressive.

Although Rachel Crothers' *Susan and God* is the most perfect of the trio, its perfection is of a minor order. As an exposé of a frothy, egocentric society woman and of fashionable religious movements, the comedy makes sound sense and creates a vivid character played to the hilt by so accomplished an actress as Gertrude Lawrence. When, however, the play deviates into seriousness it employs material perilously reminiscent of the old-time temperance sermons. Whether Susan's husband can stay on the water wagon is a problem that the theater discarded decades ago. And Susan's last-minute discovery that she loves her husband, her sudden transformation into a woman one can respect, is a weakly motivated and gratuitous concession to a public that has, as a matter of fact, learned to take its comedies with a dash of bitters. Miss Crothers' policy of following the line of least resistance is one of the most dangerous in the theater; it can hardly be expected to produce a major comedy.

The Star-Wagon, supported by the superlative acting of Burgess Meredith and the rest of Guthrie McClintic's astutely directed company, is a captivating excursion into the age of bicycles and bloomers. It is also a warmly realized picture of the failures of the world who cannot turn their talents into shekels. That even poverty is preferable to surrender of one's essential humanity is a noble idea worthy of Anderson. The play continues a well-observed trend in this sensitive writer's work. Looking at the contentious world around him, he has declared himself on the side of the tender-minded; in an age in which their cause seems utterly lost he has made himself their poet. Unfortunately, his conversion seems to have softened his dramatic fiber. Now and then his scorn of the mercenary world blazes finely — when, for instance, the inventor in *The Star-Wagon* is discharged for inventing a tire that does not wear out soon enough! But so much of the play verges on the trite theory that everything is for the best in this world and the impact of his drama is so obviously cushioned by its happy ending that *The Star-Wagon* lacks vigor and magnitude. Slipshod speculation on the nature of time and some makeshift dramaturgy revolving around the obvious device of a time machine also weaken the ultimate effect.

In addition to its other burdens, the theater is forced to suffer the problems and confusions of those who write for it. This is even more apparent in *To Quito and Back*. Ben Hecht, far from being complacent about his easy success, tortures himself with problems of orientation. His play shows the Ben Hechts, the liberal artists, of the world oscillating between the dying world of the "haves" and the nascent but confusing world of the "have nots." His hero, the famous novelist Aleck Sterns, betrays both the girl he loves and the cause he espouses because he is a house divided against itself. Unfortunately, the playwright's own bedevilment produces a tantalizingly unreal picture of a revolution, and the "morbid gain" he derives from anatomizing his hero's sexual difficulties halts the pace of the play. If *To Quito and Back* had been written with sufficient objectivity, it might have proved a remarkable play. Fortunately, even such grappling with significant substance is a healthy sign in the theater. Likewise encouraging is the Federal Theatre's expert, if raucous, revival of John Howard Lawson's expressionistic drama of social conflict, *Processional* — since the stage lives by its revivals as well as discoveries.

JOHN W. GASSNER

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Poetry and Parsnips

***by* GEORGE A. GULLETTE**

POETRY is dead. It has no mourners, because nine out of ten persons never knew it was alive, and the other one refuses to recognize its demise. But poetry is dead. Its bones lie buried in the nineteenth century, from whence they are periodically exhumed for the delighted admiration of a few bright-eyed old maids of both sexes who palpitate deliciously at literary teas.

American civilization is active, virile, and extrovert; poetry has no place in it. Are we the poorer therefor? Would a sound drenching in the showers of poetic fancy enrich our culture and ennoble our spirits? I think not.

I am one of that tribe of discriminating persons who heartily dislike parsnips — fried, boiled, or baked. My wife is as tolerant of this idiosyncrasy as wives are wont to be, and I suffer no special social ostracism because of what I consider a perfectly reasonable distaste for parsnips. But when I express a healthy abhorrence of Whitman, Dickinson, or Eliot, my wife is ready to leave my bed and board. I have never been able to discover why an avowed disapproval of dead poetry is more reprehensible than an avowed distaste for dead vegetable roots. Is poetry sacred, while parsnips are secular? Is one taste more vital, real, and indispensable than the other? I have not been able to answer these questions but, in seeking for their answers, I have uncovered some curious and enlightening information.

II

THERE was a time when poetry performed a significant social function. In the heroic days of Beowulf and his kind, there was one thing more desirable than a good bloody battle — that was a mug of ale and a song *about* a good bloody battle. A song by the fire, with the bowl passing free, was soul-satisfying to hero and aetheling alike. It inflated their egos, made them damn fine fellows in their own eyes and the eyes of their ladies, because a clever bard, whose bread and ale depended on his pleasing his hosts, never failed to flatter the vanity of his hearers by praising their own exploits and adding to them from his extraordinarily fertile imagination and his inexhaustible store of adventurous tales. A man could easily become a first-class hero without lifting a sword, if only the ale held out.

These songs, naturally enough, have not been preserved. We know of them from such literary epics as *Beowulf* which were based on them. But, in the process of fixation which was essential to the production of such an epic, the delightfully sycophantic flexibility of the earlier song was of necessity lost. No longer could it be adapted to the flattery of the host; it became impersonal, detached, artificial, and literary. It reflected glory now on the singer, not the audience. This was a fine thing for scops and troubadours, and they continued to multiply songs and replenish the earth with romance. More and more, however, they tended to *write* their songs, so that posterity rather than their hosts should benefit. Gradually, of course, but irresistibly, they drifted away from the raucous but stimulating immediacy of an audience in an ale hall to a more cloistered seclusion. And as they did so they became more self-conscious, more trivial, and more completely removed from the fertile soil which had given them birth and meaning.

By the time the Renaissance had come to Europe, the good earthy songs of the early troubadours had become courtly love poetry for the privileged few who could read or could afford to hire a reader. Christianity had also done its work, and poetry was turned to the offices of the church, in an effort, not entirely successful, to make men better in the Christian sense of that word. The poets themselves were no fools, and they saw that the church, with its corner on the wealth of the Western world, would make the ablest patron of their efforts.

With the decline of the church and the decay of courtly love, poetry was left out on a limb, so to speak. If it was to survive, it had to find a new function to perform. In a world where intellectual ferment was rapidly increasing and science was beginning to rear its ugly head, where could poetry turn for haven? As I have indicated, poetry and poets are nothing if not opportunist, so they boldly invaded the camp of the enemy. They sold out to science.

Poetry, it was made known, was the gateway to knowledge, a sugar-coating for the educative pill which enlightenment was preparing to thrust down the throats of an unsuspecting world. Sir Philip Sydney, in his *Defense of Poesie*, written in the sixteenth century, brazenly argued that the best approach to a knowledge of the world — history and philosophy, natural and metaphysical — was through the gentle and winning offices of poetry. So, during the intellectual revival, poetry clung to a semblance of respectability by playing Circe for the intellectual virtues and claiming a kinship with the fields of precise knowledge.

For a time, this claim was not altogether unfounded, for poets, by and large, could read and write, and anyone who could read and write was in a fair way to get at such knowledge as was then available regarding the nature of man and his world. But the sciences developed rapidly and soon left the parasitic poets gasping for breath. By the end of the seventeenth century, Galileo and Kepler were dead, Newton had finished his important work, and special fields of knowledge had been developed which defied surface-scratching literary interlopers. The poets suddenly realized that there were dark corners of the truth about the world into which their little candles could not throw their beams. So they invented a red herring called "poetic truth."

Now, this thing called poetic truth was an autonomous brain child. It did not depend on beer barons, the church, philosophy, or science for its being. It was a kind of intuitive insight into a reality above science, philosophy, and religion; it was an attempt, in fact, to make a science, philosophy, and religion out of poetry. During the eighteenth century, when truth of every kind was sedulously sought after, poetic truth proved to be a tremendous success. It afforded a much easier and less painful access to truth than any of its competitors and it flourished correspondingly.

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Poetry and Parsnips

But science by this time was beginning to travel in high gear, and it was not long before poetic truth was shown up for the fraud that it was.

During the first part of the nineteenth century, poetry made one last desperate stand against annihilation, by creating a world in which truth was not necessary at all. This was the world of the romantic escapists, the world of the ivory tower, a world which was lush and pleasant to the senses and untroubled by the bitter winds which blow in the naughty world of practical affairs. One needs moral support, however, to flee the world. One needs some rationalized justification for the life of easy serenity which turns its back on all that is ugly and mean and petty in life. So the poets invented "art for art's sake."

Art for art's sake meant that at last poetry had taken the bull by the horns, had divorced itself completely from life and its annoying habit of driving men mad, and had set itself up as a kind of thing desirable for its own sweet self. This was its ultimate and belligerent declaration of independence. No longer would it try to spread flattery or morality or truth or anything else under the sun except straight, honest-to-God, unadulterated poetry. And, if you didn't like it, you could lump it. So we lumped it, and that was the end of poetry.

III

It is true that a few frail voices have raised themselves since that time in defense of the thesis that that which is dead is not dead. But death will out, and the discussion is now a purely academic one. But what next? Will the dead rise and walk again, like the ghost of Hamlet's father? Or have we done with it forever? And, if we have, how shall we fill the aching void its passing leaves behind?

One of the last of the really poetic voices in the nineteenth century was that of an American boy named Walt Whitman. He gave us the answer to the perplexing problem of what shall take the place of poetry, now that poetry is dead. Here are some lines from the beginning of *Song of Myself:*

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good earth and sun (there are millions of suns left),
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the specters in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them for yourself.

Obviously, his promise to give us life at first hand is fraudulent. We are getting life through Walt Whitman first, and through his poetry second, so the very best we can possibly have is a third-hand view. But here, in the death knell of poetry, is the germ of a new and richer aesthetic: the aesthetic of immediacy. If life at first hand is good enough for poets, it is good enough for us. And, by God, that is what we, as good Americans, patronizing home industry, are going to get.

Even the contemporary descendants of the older poets, the residuary legatees of the once powerful and haughty queen of belles-lettres, seem to be resigned to the idea. They feel that they must continue to write poetry, because you can never tell when it may come in handy, but they have so completely accepted the notion that life must be wrestled with vis-à-vis that they limit themselves to maunderings which are intelligible only to themselves and to whatever gods there be. They have gallantly removed from us the last temptation to get at life second or third hand, and we are safe now in ignoring them altogether. We may return to our meat and drink, our business and pleasure, our preoccupation with primary sense impressions, without the haunting fear that the long-haired boys may be one up on us. I may even grow fond of parsnips.

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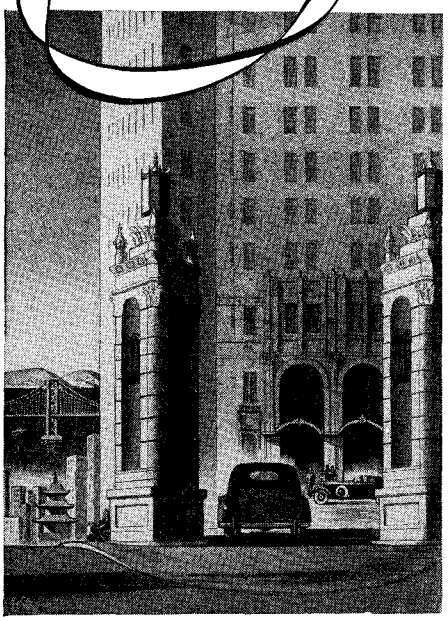

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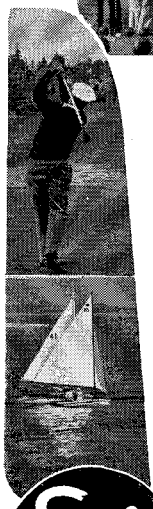

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